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THE NATION

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LETTERS

the war economy

Johnstown, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Seymour Melman's article, "Who Needs a War Economy?" [*The Nation*, Nov. 20] was interesting as far as it went. It is, of course, true that the "war economy" has been disastrous for the vast majority of the people, and it has laid the foundations for future calamities. However . . . nowhere in this article (or in his books, for that matter) does Melman talk about such things as the basic contradiction of capitalism—namely, production for profit and not for use. Nor does he mention the increasing difficulty in absorbing surplus (saving plus profit), the increasing threat of socialism to U.S. economic hegemony, or the benefits to the industrial elite in terms of discipline and repression of militarizing the economy. I think that Melman's works are invaluable, but implicit in all of them is the notion that this system can be reformed away. This I think is a serious error in judgment.

Mike Yates, Dept. of Economics
University of Pittsburgh

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The twenty consequences of war economy that I listed *are* the present leading contradictions of capitalism. I have given less attention to the problems of surplus in private capitalism because of my developing appreciation that the U.S. economy has been evolving rapidly to state capitalism—whose micro- and macro-economics are somewhat different from private capitalism.

I see threats to U.S. economic hegemony from the competition of Germany and Japan, not (lately) from "socialism." The most striking thing about the recent political campaign was not discipline and repression but the acquiescence in and support for war economy—hence the importance of valid ideas about war economy. . . .

Seymour Melman

labor history

DEAR SIRS: A fund for education in labor history has been established in the name of Ralph Helstein, former president of the United Packinghouse Workers, who retired on November 30.

The sponsor of the Ralph Helstein Fund for Education in Labor History is the Illinois Labor History Society. President Leslie F. Orear said the fund will be used "to further the awareness, understanding, and appreciation of the history of labor on the part of union members and the general public, and especially among the youth."

Contributions from organizations and individuals are invited. Checks should be made to the Illinois Labor History Society and marked, *Helstein Fund.* They can be sent to Tom Herriman, treasurer, at 333 S. Ashland, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

Anthony Zanetello, Secretary
Illinois Labor History Society

strange landslide

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Your strange post-mortem ["Campaign '72: Strange Victory," *The Nation*, Nov. 20] repeats the monotonous fallacy of the media: "Nixon's electoral victory was indeed a landslide." A landslide indeed? A landslide in which he received 33 per cent (61 per cent of 54 per cent) of the votes of the electorate and McGovern 21 per cent, and this in spite of the costliest ($400 million) and most strenuous campaign to bring out the vote? This abysmal record is unmatched in any modern democracy. Compare it with the 90 per cent turnout in the more recent election by the "politically immature" Germans.

Does this not indicate a sense of helplessness if not cynicism about real and viable alternatives to the sham and humbug of the political process as practiced by the major parties. . .?

Theodore Schoenman

EDITORIALS

Watch What He Does

The word went forth from the White House South (Key Biscayne) that the President did not intend to follow the Eisenhower pattern of coasting through his second term. Richard M. Nixon was going to make the fur fly. He was demanding resignations left and right; he would vitalize and revivify. Among other spectacular changes, he purposed to restore Cabinet competence. But John Mitchell, in a moment of unwonted candor, once advised the press to heed what a Nixon Administration does, not what it says; we have done just that and reached conclusions based on the character and past performance of the Nixon appointees for the coming jubilee.

The prognosis begins with widely circulated stories that a really Big Man would take over at Justice, ending the short and not particularly happy reign of Richard G. Kleindienst. That may have been Mr. Nixon's honest desire, but the Republicans, like the Democrats, are split down the middle, and even Landslide Nixon must keep a wary eye on the right wing of the GOP. In this instance, Sen. Barry Goldwater imposed his personal veto on any move to oust Kleindienst. At least for the present, therefore, his protégé remains Attorney General, although five deputies, reading the signs correctly, have bowed out, as the euphemistic saying goes.

Robert H. Bork will replace Erwin Griswold, former dean of the Harvard Law School, as Solicitor General. Griswold is an old-fashioned, principled conservative of the Robert A. Taft, or non-Nixon, type. In 1955 he made speeches in defense of the right to invoke the Fifth Amendment. This faux pas must have been overlooked when the FBI went over his record and cleared him. Bork is perfectly "clean." He is an antitrust expert from Yale, i.e., an expert at avoiding antitrust enforcement. He favors conglomerates, worked hard to beef up Nixon's anti-bussing program, is against judicial interventionism, and wrote an eloquent endorsement of William Rehnquist's appointment to the Supreme Court. Since the Solicitor General decides which cases the government will appeal to the Supreme Court, big business will not have much to worry about as long as Robert Bork is the man to see.

Over at State, Henry Kissinger of course remains, for the present, in his powerful ex-officio position. The faithful and undemanding William P. Rogers also remains. Kenneth Rush, a new Under Secretary, is worth a look. For more than thirty years he served as a ranking official of Union Carbide, one of the interests that has shaped our policy toward Rhodesia and Africa generally. The designations of William J. Casey as Under Secretary for Economic Affairs, and William Porter as Under Secretary for Political Affairs, would seem to guarantee that Secretary Rogers will be little more than a front man in the future, as in the past.

Now comes a miscellany of appointments with a common characteristic—they will be directed from the White House by the key Presidential aides, and from time to time by the President himself. Caspar Weinberger—"Cap

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the Knife"—who replaces Elliot L. Richardson at HEW is an expert on impounding funds that Congress has authorized for social programs. Richardson will take over at Defense, but to make sure that he will not disturb the Pentagon unduly, the No. 2 man will be William P. Clements, Jr., an oil man who was co-chairman of the Texas Committee for the Re-election of President Nixon. It seems there must always be someone from Texas oil to exercise a veto on efforts to curb defense spending, especially in these days when Senator Proxmire is getting more and more attention.

George Romney is replaced at HUD by James Lynn, who believes that "damn near everything the government does could be done better by private industry." He has, he confesses, no knowledge of housing except that he has "owned a couple," probably not in the slums. Good Ole Earl Butz stays on at Agriculture, representing agri-biz, food conglomerates and the like. George P. Shultz will remain at Treasury but will also wield the ax as head of a Council on Economic Policy, based in the White House. Several Cabinet officers will find it politic to do obeisance to him. Peter Brennan at Labor will represent right-wing unions.

Peter G. Peterson, said to be the strongest Secretary of Commerce since Herbert Hoover, is out, replaced by Frederick Dent, a Strom Thurmond protégé who hates Japanese imports. Peterson was too friendly with Senator Percy, for one thing, and too charismatic. Richard Helms is out at CIA; he was friendly with Peterson. John Volpe is out as Secretary of Transportation and will honor Italian-Americans as Ambassador to Italy. He is succeeded by Claude Brinegar, a reputed management whiz from Union Oil, whose No. 2 will be Egil Krogh, Jr., upped from the retinue of White House aides.

Rogers C. B. Morton will remain at Interior but the department is being dismantled; it has been excessively pro-public. The Interior of Harold Ickes is now a nostalgic memory.

Sen. Robert Dole, having proved too independent as Republican National Chairman, George Bush leaps to the chairmanship from U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. The rationale is that the President wanted a full-time chairman, but there was no sign of that during the 1972 campaign.

What conclusions can be drawn? Since Mr. Nixon lacks charisma, he would rather not have too much of that around; in fact, with few exceptions the appointments sound as if he doesn't want any. No Rockefeller, no Connally, unless dire need should arise. There are payoffs to the Southern strategy—only Southern industrialists were considered for the Commerce post. Brennan in Labor should keep up the morale of ethnic Catholic workers. All the appointments have a *raison d'être* of that sort.

The President promised to cut the White House staff. He should; it has become bloated beyond all reason. But while he has been making noises about decentralization, actually he has been pulling power even closer to him than it was in his first term. That is the Nixon way. And another aspect: this President, who worked his way up from the lower middle class, respects big businessmen; so did President Grant, but Nixon is smarter. His model is USA, Inc. Phase One of the corporate state can be seen without a telescope.

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The Chilling Effect

Justice William Brennan first used the phrase some years ago in *Dombrowski* vs. *Pfister,* when he said that a person not directly affected by repressive government action might nevertheless raise First Amendment issues if such action would have a "chilling effect" on the exercise of his rights. Recently, the phrase has been bobbing up with increasing frequency in news stories, editorials and court decisions. The contempt proceeding against Samuel Popkin, it was argued, would have "a chilling effect" on scholars and bureaucrats. Similarly the contempt cases against newsmen, we are told, have had a chilling effect on all newsmen and their sources. A writer in *Boston After Dark* pinpoints the meaning of the phrase: "Chilling effect," he writes, "is a precise phrase; it means people will have many more doubts about getting themselves involved, it means suspicion, second thoughts, and a slowed pulse, though it isn't quite the deep freeze (Brazil, Guatemala, South Vietnam, Greece)."

The President and his advisers have apparently decided, so recent developments indicate, to employ indirect repressive techniques rather than risk direct confrontations which might give rise to significant political protests. For example, the Administration will rely on occasional grand jury probes rather than on open hearings conducted by the House and Senate internal security committees. The grand jury probe is secret and, in most cases, more frightening. Unpublicized inquisitions of this kind, now under way in San Francisco and Detroit, have doubtless had "a chilling effect," even though they have aroused little protest. Father Philip Berrigan will be paroled before Christmas; a mistrial has been declared in the Ellsberg case. In both cases, the arrests were enough to achieve the effect intended. The chances are quite good that the reversal of the Chicago conspiracy convictions will not be appealed; the contempt proceedings against Samuel Popkin were quietly squelched. The future prospects for Lieut. William Calley seem, in some indefinable way, to have suddenly brightened.

What these "signs" indicate is that the Administration will try to avoid mass conspiracy indictments and political trials. If a direct confrontation is unavoidable, then mass force will be used and quick arrests made, but those arrested will be released before court actions can be initiated (the Rizzo treatment, see article p. 657). In brief, the government will rely on the chilling effect of certain actions and proceedings on key groups—newsmen, intellectuals, peace activists and others—and place less emphasis on "deep freeze" techniques.

Father Daniel Berrigan reacts to the new thrust in policy as follows: "Generally speaking, they [Nixon's advisers] play a wide keyboard, sometimes hard, sometimes soft. It seems designed to keep people off balance, so nobody can get a consistent pattern. . . . What is most difficult for me is trying to discern anything rational. The irrational is their specialty. They destroy the coherence of life, the idea that one can reasonably expect respect for his civil rights. . . . It's like Popkin; they put him in jail for no reason, then they let him out for no reason. . . . It's a terrible warning to everyone. I have a feeling that, from Paris to Danbury, there's an assault on self-respect under law."

For the time being, the emphasis on keeping groups off balance can be made to work fairly well; but sooner or later the chill will turn to a freeze. Milton Viorst explains why in a column for the Washington *Star*: "In modern industrial societies, the momentum toward a police state exists, whether or not the central government consciously does anything to accelerate it." Chilling does not arrest, much less reverse, the trend; the consequences may be more serious than strong-arm tactics. To check the long-term consequences vigorous political leadership would be needed at all levels, and notably at the level of the President.

The Nightmare of History

Tradition is a factor that keeps a society together, but it can assume malignant forms, as the Irish well know. Many Irishmen are as bourgeois as their lower-middle-class counterparts in other countries, but, as Sean O'Casey put it with biting parody in *The Shadow of a Gunman,* there are also those Irishmen who "believe in the gun almighty, maker of heaven and earth"—in the romantic figure of the hero in trench coat and cloth cap, going into battle with revolver and dynamite satchel. Hence the slaughter that has afflicted Northern Ireland for the past three years.

The romance was built around a core of past reality. Authentic heroes lost their lives in the Easter "rising," and others like them, despite the Black and Tans and vicious repression, eventually broke the British grip on Ireland. The men of the Irish Republican Army regarded themselves as the descendants of the martyrs of 1916, and that they were as brave no one will deny. But the most glorious mythology must fade as a new set of realities emerges, and the clearer it becomes that a political solution is possible, the less excuse there is for violence. That transitional stage has been reached in Ireland, North and South.

The turning point came in the South with the bombs that exploded in Dublin, killing two and wounding 127. If those explosives were planted by the IRA—they deny responsibility—it would be proof of their lunacy, which in some measure they have exhibited in the civil strife in the North. Nor have their Protestant enemies lagged far behind in the orgy of killing. In a sense, the Dublin explosions inadvertently served a constructive purpose. Bombs in Belfast were one thing, in Dublin quite another. The political repercussions were as loud as the detonations. A little earlier, Prime Minister Jack Lynch had finally been forced to ask for a tough crackdown law—a bill that would allow the detention of suspected IRA members solely on the word of a senior police official. The bill stood a good chance of being defeated in the Dail, but the Dublin bombings pulled it through.

The results of the recent national referendum were hailed by Lynch and other officials as evincing a popular desire for reconciliation with the Protestant majority in North Ireland (Ulster). In Ulster, two-thirds of the people are Protestants; in the Irish Republic, 95 per cent are Catholic. The intensity of their Catholicism varies. Of

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1.7 million who were eligible, only about half went to the polls. Of these, 85 per cent voted to abolish the provision in the constitution reading, "The state recognizes the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens." It is no more than a gesture toward the North, but some officials in the South talk in private of repealing the prohibition against the import and sale of contraceptives, of allowing couples of mixed marriages to adopt children, and even of removing the constitutional bar to divorce, although there is general acknowledgement that this last provision may be as far as fifteen to twenty years in the future.

On the British side, there were also moves in the direction of peace. Prime Minister Edward Heath visited Belfast, sharply snubbed the Protestant militants, and in a "Green Paper" forecast a plebiscite in the North and Britain's intention to take charge of Northern Ireland's internal affairs. Lynch commented that the Green Paper offers neither a solution nor a plan for settlement, but does outline "some dimensions for a solution. It offers opportunities which we must not let slip for further progress. Steps must now be taken to build the right institutions, i.e., those with real possibilities for growth toward reconciliation and accommodation."

The substance of recent events seems to be that violence grows where alternatives are not available, or have been foreclosed. "There has never been a political solution in Northern Ireland," John Graham wrote in *Spectator* (November 30, 1971), "for the simple reason that politics has never been given a chance." Recent developments have made it possible at least to *discuss* proposals for a settlement through unification. Much more will be required, but a first step has been taken, and with it a new sense of reality is emerging on both sides of the border.

Just Before Christmas

The scene has become a ritual. A celebrated magazine announces its final issue. The editorial staff gathers, nostalgic, sad, pensive, with paper cups brimming. Tall stories are told; magnificent episodes recited. But there is always more talk about future job prospects than about why the magazine failed and almost never does anyone mention the magazine industry and what is happening to it. Theories as to why the particular magazine failed are a dime a dozen, but they have one thing in common: they are ludicrously superficial. A case in point: Shana Alexander, formerly with *Life,* now with *Newsweek,* has "a dreadful, oppressive feeling that somebody betrayed a trust, and so we watched *Life* die"—that is, no one bothered to fix it!

The scene is so compelling—it makes such deep appeal to all sorts of sentiments—that it seems unkind to undercut it, but the effort must be made. First let it be said that all magazines of general interest face major difficulties at the moment: soaring postal rates; rising costs that cannot be met by income from subscriptions and single sales, and, of course, TV has been cutting into advertising revenue. So much is obvious. But why, in these boozy post-mortems, does no one ever mention that *advertising* is itself a major reason for the demise of magazines? Magazines and newspapers were not always dependent on advertising. Raymond Williams, in his excellent study, *Communications* (1966), points out that it was not until after 1880 or thereabouts, with the emergence of a mass market, that publications began to boost circulation, at any cost, as a way to get more advertising. By so doing they made themselves hostages to anonymous "media buyers" in the big agencies. The agency officials quoted by Philip H. Dougherty in his *New York Times* story about the demise of *Life*, had scarcely a kind word to say for the magazine. "It's no great loss," said an executive of Ted Bates & Company. *Life*'s salesmen, said another, "weren't able to scrap for the advertising dollar when the time came." Too bad for them.

The fact is that the frenetic efforts to expand circulation in order to get more advertising at higher rates confronted magazines with a serious problem even before television became a serious rival. But television no doubt drove the knife home. It could offer advertisers, particularly product advertisers, a larger audience at a lower unit cost than could the mass magazines. When this point finally sank in, the big magazines began to change formats and engage in all the other antics that signal distress. At the same time, new magazines were invented to cater to special audiences. If all skiers subscribe to a ski magazine, the media buyer can perhaps be conned into thinking that an ad there will do better for his skiing account than one in a general-interest publication.

Thus, almost on the day *Life* died, *Sunset* announced in a full-page *New York Times* ad that it would *not* accept advertising unrelated to "the *Sunset* life style"—that is, what people west of the Rockies enjoy in their homes, gardens, food and travel. That, no doubt, is good business. But is *Sunset* concerned with national issues? Will *Sunset* tee off on the Administration, as *Life* has done on a score of important issues in the last four years? Television news, we shall be told, will keep everyone briefed about what's happening. But television news is parasitic: it depends on magazines and newspapers, as its most ardent advocates concede. So what will happen when the *general-interest* magazines fall by the wayside and, after them, the newspapers? Appearances to the contrary, the latter are by no means immune to the operation of the same economic forces. Dougherty quotes Jerome S. Hardy, publisher of *Life* until December 1969, as saying: "The health of the press may require the Postal Service not to try to become a profit center." That is not all that is required, by any means, but Mr. Hardy is on the right track.

In March 1957, Marshall McLuhan published a brilliant piece in *Explorations*—the magazine he then edited at the University of Toronto—in which he predicted the demise of *Life*. Folded in the issue, as an insert, was a story dated Sunday, February 3, 1963, set in *New York Times* type and headlined in *Times* style: "LIFE FOLDS, BLAME TV, 1,500 LEFT UNEMPLOYED." Advertisers, the story went on to say, had come to feel that *Life* no longer had impact value.

> It was found everywhere in homes, dentists' offices, barber shops but . . . it had ceased to interest or influence anyone. . . . With the arrival of video-tape *Life* died. Insiders blamed what they called "Luce's con-

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servatism and ambition." History, they said, showed that the coming of a new medium forces the old media to become partisan. The latest medium always speaks with the anonymous moral voice of society. Writing did this to speech, and print did it to writing. Much could be said that couldn't be written, and much could be written that couldn't be printed. *Life* prospered during the depression years because it offered pictures while radio was only sound. Moreover, *Life* was Republican while radio belonged to Roosevelt. With the coming of TV and Eisenhower's victory, *Life* lost both advantages. Now TV spoke with society's impersonal puritan voice of power. Newspapers kept their audiences by becoming partisan, printing news behind the news, news that couldn't get on TV, and columnists slanted views. . . . For a time [*Life*] held its own by running stories about TV personalities. But this alone couldn't save it. Its passing will probably be noticed only by its staff of 1,500, now unemployed, and a handful of admen who met today to pay tribute to the memory of a "grand old mag."

Witty and perceptive but not quite right. *Life* got better and more relevant as it grew older. And the admen did not mourn the passing of the "grand old mag": they gave it a boot, as they talked up the virtues of the new special-interest publications. When all is said and done, it was the mad quest for the advertising dollar that got *Life* and *Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post* into the impossible position of cutting back on their circulations because they could no longer afford to give their publications away as a means of cornering a market for advertisers.

"Why," one mourner said at the *Life* wake, referring to the passing of *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion,* as well as *Life,* "do they always announce this just before Christmas?"

A PARTY LICKS ITS WOUNDS

SAMUEL C. BRIGHTMAN
Mr. Brightman was deputy chairman for public affairs of the Democratic National Committee from 1956 to 1965.

If in fact the new 1973 model Democratic National Committee is representative of the party, the one safe conclusion to make from its first post-convention meeting is that the party is tired and listless and somewhat unsure of itself. Political buffs who paid an unprecedented $5 to watch the full proceedings didn't see even a flash of the lively rancor that the committee used to bring to its family squabbles. Journalists who went there seeking clues to the future shape of the party structure and the thrust of the party's ideology could have put the long day to better use by reading tea leaves.

The vindictive attempt by the anti-McGovern forces to vote Jean Westwood out of office was blocked, and the debate which preceded the election of Robert Strauss as the new chairman brought up nothing exciting or substantive. Common decency narrowly triumphed when the motion to declare the chair vacant was defeated, but this small face-saving courtesy was tendered to Mrs. Westwood only on the assurance that she would resign "for the good of the party." None of the senior McGovern high command was visible during her hour of travail, and one suspects that they did not want the issues which won McGovern the nomination and lost him the election to be involved in the ouster of Mrs. Westwood.

The 1973 committee was picked according to a new formula adopted at Miami Beach. The intention is to make it more representative of the party than committees have been in the past, but whether the larger and more cumbersome body will in fact be an improvement remains to be seen.

The most interesting and possibly the most illuminating incident in the vote to throw Mrs. Westwood out instead of letting her leave on her own was what might have been a decisive change by Carol McClendon, a young black city council member from Cleveland. She reportedly told other blacks that she switched her vote to support the forced departure of Mrs. Westwood after being warned by one of the larger Ohio Democratic contributors that she would not get funds for her re-election campaign next year unless she did so. While some of the blacks were buzzing over this incident as the tally was being completed, one older black woman looked at the frail and obviously distraught Miss McClendon in a motherly fashion and said to no one in particular, "I hope the price was right." It may be that some old politics practices will linger on in the new politics committee. Later, Miss McClendon seconded the nomination of Robert Strauss.

After a lot of jockeying around that merely wasted time, the committee got around to balloting for a new chairman. The chief arguments for George Mitchell, the Maine national committeeman whose national exposure came mainly from his work in the Muskie campaign, and for Charles Manatt, a former national college Democratic leader who has had some success in pulling together the warring California Democrats in his term as state chairman there, was that they were not distasteful either to the new McGovern people or to the old professionals who were pushed out or got out because of the new convention rules and the application of quotas beyond the intention of the drafters of the reforms. This case never really got stated, nor did anyone push the argument that these men were not buddies of John Connally and George Meany, neither of whom had displayed much party loyalty during the recent disaster.

The case for Strauss was that he was highly approved by Meany, by the Democratic leadership in the Congress and by the Democratic governors, including George C. Wallace. Since Wallace's decision to remain in the Democratic Party had turned a comfortable Nixon victory into

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a triumphant landslide a scant month before the meeting, it might have been difficult to explain why the ability to keep him in the party was an asset, but the question was not asked. There was a good deal of affirmative head-shaking to assurances that "Bob Strauss will bring us all together again." No one asked the pertinent question, "For what purpose?," but if it had been asked the answer would have been, "To win elections," and in the committee's passive mood that would probably have sufficed.

After Strauss's first-ballot victory around 5 P.M., the assemblage was booted out of the ballroom at the Washington-Hilton to make way for a banquet (who on earth could have thought that the Democratic National Committee would complete its business between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M.?). It reconvened in a basement dungeon from which most of the press (but not the TV cameras) was excluded, along with the suckers who had paid $5 to watch the bear-baiting.

Strauss, a brisk and effective fellow, made it clear that he will run meetings on schedule and shape up the headquarters operation of the Democratic National Committee. He took pains to assure his audience that he was not going to destroy the party reforms. What he said about himself Democrats will hear repeated many times as he goes about the country, trying to patch up the party. I think his words are accurate and revealing:

> I am not doctrinaire, nor an ideologue. I am centrist, a worker, a doer, a putter-together . . . not an exclusionist; I believe in inclusion—I believe in winning elections. . . . There is room for all who are Democrats and I want them back in. . . . I will not attempt to be the philosophical spokesman for the party. I will build the party into a platform where all can be heard. I treasure my good relations with the governors and the leaders on the Hill.

For the short remainder of the weary session in the basement, Strauss proved to be a doer and putter-together. The rules provide for an elected chairman and vice chairman of opposite sexes, and the vice chairman under Mrs. Westwood was an able and popular black man named Basil Patterson. Strauss (keeping Patterson), persuaded the committee to elect Caroline Wilkins, the successful Oregon state chairman, as another vice chairman. He also persuaded the committee to approve, without debate and discussion (even Allard Lowenstein went along after a mild complaint), some hundred members of the new Charter Commission who had been picked by Jean Westwood and the Executive Committee. Strauss scored points with the losers by insisting that Mrs. Westwood be added to the commission. The list was not available in printed form, but as it was read I noted that labor was liberally represented. Still, it did not seem to be a loaded commission, and if Terry Sanford works at his job as chairman, he should be able to obtain sound results.

Some Democrats will see the Strauss victory as a return of the Democratic Party to pre-Chicago or worse and insist that Strauss is a John Connally Dixiecrat. They will point out that he got most of his votes from states that have bad records of loyalty to the national ticket and from persons who have been at best lukewarm to opening up the party to new members and new ideas. I think there is a touch of guilt by association in such criticism. I have heard no evidence that Strauss used his power as treasurer to favor any candidate or faction in the party. His pledges to support continued reform in the party structure and in the selection of convention delegates were free of escape clauses. Democrats can expect Strauss to be a good housekeeper, an effective money raiser, and a fervent evangelist of togetherness. That may be what the Democratic Party most needs in its present state of apathy and disarray; it perhaps makes sense to put the machine into running order before asking where it is to go and who is to drive it. Meantime, Strauss may have more trouble with his friends than with his enemies in his attempt to make togetherness bloom in the Democratic Party. Some of the Southerners who voted to elect the Democratic Party's first Jewish chairman are to the Right of what most Northern Democrats would regard as the ideological Center.

One of these days, someone is going to point out that the 1972 Democratic platform contained some very good programs and that, despite the failure of Senator McGovern to sell it to the voters of 1972, it defines differences from the Republicans that—while they may strain togetherness—are about the only reasons that can be advanced for putting a Democrat instead of a Republican in the White House. However, the Democratic National Committee meeting at the Washington-Hilton on December 9 was neither the time nor the place for that sort of talk. It was a dull meeting, but not a disastrous one, and we must wait a few months to see what kind of party will be shaped under the new management, to see who and what that hath been put asunder in 1972 can be rejoined by the Putter-Together. □

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NEW PRESIDENTIAL MAJORITY

RICHARD J. WHALEN
Mr. Whalen, a former Nixon adviser, is the author of Catch the Falling Flag: A Republican's Challenge to His Party (*Houghton Mifflin*).

Contrary to the impression cultivated by the White House in recent weeks, Richard M. Nixon has not suddenly discovered America and become fascinated with the way it is governed. He remains fascinated, as always, with the way America votes. Hence, it is not surprising that the President has told aides that the top domestic priority of his second Administration will be to consolidate behind the Republican Party "the new American majority" which overwhelmingly re-elected him. He defines that majority negatively, in terms of what these middling Americans are presumed to be against. American voters traditionally have sought something more positive and substantive from their government, but never mind: assuming reasonably favorable national circumstances (no deep recession or runaway inflation) and a suitable GOP candidate four years hence, President Nixon's objective is attainable.

To say that, however, is *not* to say the Republicans are destined to seize the Congressional majority in the near future. As the Republican chairman, Sen. Robert Dole, glumly admitted after the election, "This is a personal triumph for Mr. Nixon and not a party triumph." The election shattered golden GOP dreams of capturing control of the Senate and making major gains in the House, and some Republicans are none too privately bitter against the White House for hoarding campaign funds desperately needed elsewhere. An assistant to a senior Republican Senator and staunch Nixon loyalist, who was narrowly defeated, describes the attitude of Hill Republicans: "There's a kind of repressed euphoria; we don't owe those bastards downtown a thing."

Nixon's advertised "personal triumph" needs to be set in perspective. Certainly he has not gained the kind of personal popularity and trust Eisenhower enjoyed in twice running above and away from his party. The 1972 election turned into a referendum on the competence of Sen. George McGovern, which the semi-invisible incumbent watched from the sidelines. McGovern was judged unfit, and that was that; the choice was between Nixon and nobody.

The key statistic that deflates the claim of triumph is the astonishingly low turnout—only 55 per cent of those eligible voted. In the closing days of the campaign, pollster Albert Sindlinger found a sharp increase in the number of Republicans and Nixon-leaning independents who said they planned to stay home, evidently in disgust over the Watergate, secret funds and wheat deal scandals. These GOP stay-at-homes, numbering perhaps as many as 3 million, weren't missed by Nixon, but they probably made the difference in several close Senate and House races which the Republicans unexpectedly lost.

Nevertheless, the unprecedented ticket-splitting that accounted for Nixon's personal victory—in some Southern states, almost half the voters split their ballots—is a good omen for a continuing Republican majority *at the Presidential level.*

A word or two is in order here about the meaning of the word "majority" in the present political situation. It doesn't mean what it did in, say, Franklin Roosevelt's day, when the branches of government in Washington were more nearly equal and a popular demand for action translated into one-party majority government. Nowadays, given the grotesque disproportion of power between the executive and the legislative branches, the majority that matters is at the level of the Presidency, for it opens not only the White House gate but the vast executive realm as well. For personal and political reasons, a President may actually prefer the blurred responsibility of divided government and the deal-making latitude he enjoys with an opposition majority in the Congress, rather than being bothered with self-important petty barons of his own party, who usually expect to get far more than they deliver.

The decision on "majority" government rests, of course, with the people. Unlike liberal political scientists, many voters apparently prefer the moderation and compromise a divided government requires. Distrustful of politicians as a breed, the voters also wish to take the precaution of setting watchdogs. Finally, the "mood" of the country, at least temporarily, seems to favor a relatively inactive government that will interfere as little as possible in the daily lives of citizens who already feel overtaxed and burdened by their public servants. This mood may change, but it squares with what the Nixon Administration has to offer.

The 1972 election saw Nixon take over most of George Wallace's following—some 80 per cent in the South, more than 60 per cent elsewhere—and that is by far the most important outcome. The future of American Presidential politics, it has been apparent since 1968, will turn on where the Wallaceites go. This time, most of them gave up their identity as insurgent Democrats and became Presidential-level Republicans for lack of a better choice. (The right-wing third-party candidate, John Schmitz, was unable to get on the ballot in many states, including several in the South.) It is too soon to say that the Wallaceites have ceased their wandering and found a new home, but they are more likely to stick with the Republicans on the Presidential line, it seems to me, than they are to retrace their steps to the Democratic Party. The reasons are as much social and cultural as they are political.

The electronic invasion of political reportage has created the illusion that our society changes at the same pace as the images on the TV screen. On the contrary, deep and enduring undercurrents move slowly and break the surface in their own good time, regardless of particular campaigns and elections. To put it another way, our politics has been changing for more than a generation

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as the result of a great many *non*-political factors—racial migrations and *counter*-migrations, new forms of class conflict arising from a culturally oriented structure that is radically different from older concepts, fundamental changes in regional economies and patterns of employment —all affecting the way people live, feel, think and, ultimately, vote. Voting is a consequence, not a cause.

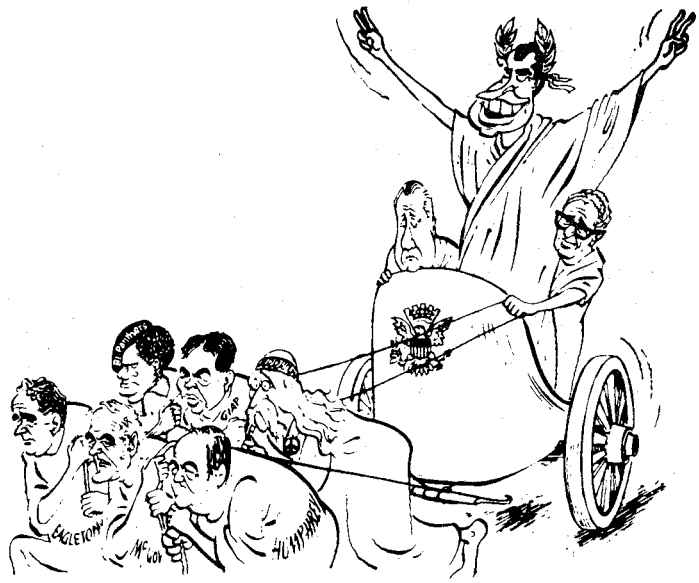
Yet the press tries to fit the "news" of change into the political context and the election calendar, sometimes with amusing results. Thus, on the day before the election, *The New York Times* shared an insight. In the course of its collaborative polling effort with the Yankelovich organization, the *Times* had discovered that Americans do not like to talk candidly about race to strangers—why, they even tell pollsters polite lies! Further sifting of the data, the *Times* reported somewhat breathlessly, strongly suggested that "race has been a dirty little secret that is neither little nor secret but central to current politics." Fully a third of the Democrats polled in the *Times*/ Yankelovich survey—twice the usual rate—said they intended to defect and vote for Nixon. And these defectors were twice as likely as Democratic loyalists, said the *Times*, unveiling the secret, "to resent minority gains." Who, one wonders, has been keeping the facts of American political life from the *Times*?

The resentment of white Democrats who deserted their party in 1972 is more complicated than liberals assume. It is obvious, for example, that bussing is not a simple white-versus-black, "civil rights" issue, but a conflict between lower-middle-class whites and upper-middle-class whites, many of whom have insulated their own children from the practical consequences of their "moral" commitment to school integration. Ever since George Wallace's breakout from his Deep South base, Northern "traditional" Democrats have been trying to get the message across to their party's Left-liberal moralists that they resent being pushed around. The message still hasn't registered. "Why," exclaims a prominent Republican with delight and amazement, "the Democrats haven't even opened their mail from sixty-eight."

In the 1972 election, such studied incomprehension cost the Democrats what little strength remained to them in the once-solid Southern and border states. The emergence of a new kind of solid South, now in the Republican Presidential column, climaxes a trend that can be traced to 1948 and the Dixiecrat revolt against the national Democratic ticket. Wallace rode that trend more than he inspired it, and now the Republicans have climbed aboard.

All the talk in recent years about a Republican "Southern strategy" has obscured the long-term changes at work in Dixie, which needed only to be helped along. It also misses another important component of the Republican strategy: the deliberate appeal to white Northern Democrats—ethnics, Catholics, blue-collar workers and middle-income suburbanites—based on the linked issues of violence, personal safety, race and class.

In an October 21st radio address, the President laid it on the line to these voters, declaring: "It is time that good, decent people stopped letting themselves be bulldozed by anybody who presumes to be the self-righteous moral judge of our society. There is no reason to feel guilty about



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

wanting to enjoy what you get and what you earn; about wanting your children in good schools close to home; or wanting to be judged fairly on your ability. Those are not values to be ashamed of; those are values to be proud of; those are values that I shall always stand up for when they come under attack."

Thus spoke Wallace's stand-in from the White House; and the target audience responded. In 1960, Nixon received slightly more than one-fifth of the Catholic vote, and in 1968 about one-third. In 1972, he gained a resounding 55 per cent. We need only recall John Kennedy's blunt appeal to the party bosses prior to the 1960 convention—nominate me and get the Catholics back—to remind ourselves that Democratic strength among Catholic voters has been steadily eroding since the early 1950s as the result of deep undercurrents of change. One of these, seldom mentioned in polite liberal company, is the ascendancy within the Democratic Party of Jewish Left-liberal activists at the expense of more conservative Irish and Italian regulars. The defection of Philadelphia's tough-cop Democratic Mayor Rizzo, who is expected to switch parties and seek the GOP gubernatorial nomination [see p. 657], illustrates the Republican "Northern strategy." To the extent that this strategy harnesses the momentum of favorable ethnic, social and cultural factors, the Republicans are able, as Nixon was in the campaign speech quoted above, to enjoy a free ride aboard the trend without paying the usual fare in the form of specific, programmatic commitments.

By far the strongest factor working for a continued Republican Presidential majority is the control of the Democratic Party nominating machinery by an ideological minority. We in the Republican Party know from experience that even crushing defeat won't dislodge the zealots or restore the *status quo ante*. Activists, by definition, remain active. In 1968, the Goldwaterites were still powerful enough within the Republican Party to exact heavy ideological tribute from Nixon before the convention. The McGovernites are likely to hold a similar pre-convention veto power over the 1976 Democratic nomi-

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nee, using the credible threat of a bolt to a left-wing third party. By the time the eventual nominee has appeased the zealots, he may establish in the public mind the same "radical" image that helped sink McGovern. Would Sen. Edward Kennedy's charisma bemuse Middle Americans if he were perceived to be offering McGovernism-without-McGovern?

Democratic election successes at the state and local levels have made the McGovern candidacy appear merely an episode, an ideological fling certain to be atoned for by a swing back to good old pragmatic liberalism of the Hubert Humphrey stripe. This delusion will pass as the regulars and union politicians come to realize that McGovern, far from being an aberration, faithfully represents a strain of moralistic liberalism that has been growing steadily stronger within the Democratic Party since the late 1950s. The intraparty agony of the Vietnamese War years probably has made this tendency dominant—it has become, in effect, the operative "tradition." From my outsider's vantage point, it appears that the future of the Democratic Party lies well to the Left of Great Society welfarism, mainly for the reason that that is where the people likely to determine the party's destiny want to go, and even though the country may lag behind for a while. Senator McGovern's post-election statements fairly glow with the prophet's confidence in the ultimate vindication of his righteous cause.

Here the parallel with the Republican ideological fling on the extreme Right breaks down. The Goldwaterites were willing to keep a votive light in the wilderness until the country saw its error, but their leader wasn't, and so the zealots and the politicians were soon reconciled. It was relatively easy for the Republicans to get together in their time of adversity because they are a homogeneous minority, and their party represents compatible middle-class interest groups under the overall patronage of corporate business and big finance.

The Democrats, in striking contrast, are without this core of fraternalism. Their long dominance rested on an unlikely coalition of heterogeneous, often hostile minorities, whose common will to power overcame their rending contradictions. But now that will has weakened, if it has not disappeared entirely. Opposing factions want power for purposes that deviate beyond the grasp of the old mechanism of compromise. The Left-liberals would rather see the Republicans rule and themselves remain indefinitely in opposition than yield to the "reactionary" regulars. And the latter are prepared to live with centrist Republicanism rather than surrender to the "radicals."

This is a situation made to order for the Great Pre-emptor in the White House. Nixon will take over as much of centrist liberalism as the Democrats abandon, covering his tracks with conservative-sounding rhetoric. To the extent that he can, given his predictable difficulties with the Congress, he will try to shift the mixture and flow of welfarism in favor of "the new majority" of middle-class social and fiscal constituencies. In the absence of economic crisis, however, he is under no obligation to deliver much; and his chosen constituents will settle for very little in the way of government favors if their federal taxes are not increased.

The old Democratic Presidential majority was kept intact by the bestowal of balancing rewards, so that each element of the coalition saw a greater self-interest in sticking with the party than in defecting. Now, however, key elements have broken away and embraced the GOP at the Presidential level in return for little more than verbal reassurance. The Republican trend among Catholics does not depend on the party's ability to provide aid to parochial schools or to satisfy any other concrete *political* interest. It is enough for them if they hear their various nonpolitical grievances affirmed. The Southerners and Westerners are accustomed to basing their loyalty on concrete rewards, but they, too, will moderate their demands and expectations in return for psychic comfort in the bosom of the Republicans.

Therefore, even though his second Administration may be marked by at best modest achievements, Nixon ought to be able to turn over a going concern to the next Republican nominee. Who will that be? If the Democrats follow their apparent leftward bent, leaving the Center wide open, the GOP nominee probably will be Vice President Spiro T. Agnew.

Agnew has done more for the party regulars over the past four years than any other Republican, including the President. (The tales are legion of Republican functionaries trying to get through to somebody—*anybody*—on the White House switchboard and grinding their teeth in frustration.) Agnew has been responsive and available. Sometimes on direct orders, more often on his own inclination, he has served up the kind of morale-sustaining talk that Republican conservatives yearn to hear. In quieter moments, of which there will be more in the next year or so, the former moderate Governor of Maryland and supporter of Nelson Rockefeller has talked sensibly of getting certain important things done—for example, he stumped extensively for the Administration's revenue-sharing plan.

It is axiomatic in the strategy of nomination that the candidate chosen should have a substantial base nailed down, so that he can concentrate his campaign on getting the rest of the necessary minimum of 270 electoral votes. Agnew is strongest within the party precisely in those areas where the Republicans appear to be strongest: the Southern, border, Southwestern and Mountain states. He commands this territory more surely than does any other conservative—for example, the overeager Sen. William Brock of Tennessee or the man without a party, John Connally—and, in the judgment of many party professionals, he would travel well to the battleground states of the North and Midwest. The liberal early-line favorite, Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois, does not have much nailed down, and he labors under the disability of Nixon's intense personal dislike.

The question informed Republicans ask about Agnew at this very early stage of maneuvering for 1976 is not whether he can gain the nomination but whether he can win the election. (The notion that the GOP nominee will be determined through the long, grinding primary process, and that Agnew may be ambushed in the snows of New Hampshire, has little support in recent party history. The activists who might carry out such a grass-roots strategy are Agnew's strongest supporters.) On the basis of the 1972 election results, the Republicans have a fairly "safe"

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base, in the regions noted above, of some 150-175 electoral votes. Can Agnew, from a Center-Right position, get the rest of what he needs against a Left-of-Center Democrat such as Ted Kennedy?

Kevin Phillips, the admittedly partisan (*The Emerging Republican Majority*) but sophisticated analyst, believes that the 1972 GOP breakthrough among Catholics, ethnics and blue-collar workers can be largely maintained four years hence. He believes, for example, that the Republicans can hold 30 to 40 per cent of the critically important Catholic vote even against Kennedy, and can do better against possible non-Catholic nominees such as Minnesota's Sen. Walter Mondale or Illinois' Sen. Adlai Stevenson. As Phillips sees it, the "safe" Democratic base now consists of about seventy-five electoral votes, drawn chiefly from New England and the upper farm belt. The long-term trend in the West, particularly California, may also favor the Democrats, but there and in the industrial heartland the interparty balance is extremely close.

Republicans would find their Presidential-level prospects more cheering if they were not still licking their wounds from November's famous victory. They keenly appreciate the source of their good fortune—the disintegration of the Democratic coalition—and they worry that changing national circumstances might produce a swift change in "mood" and a popular desire for affirmative government which they are unprepared to satisfy. Over the next four years, too, it is quite possible that defecting Democratic voters will realize that their revolt against an arrogant elite has delivered them into the hands of an incompetent elite. □

PROMISE AND PRACTICE

A SHOPPER'S GUIDE TO RUSSIA

MARGARET MILLER
Miss Miller is a specialist in Soviet consumer affairs, who regularly visits the USSR. Her publications include Communist Economy Under Change *(Andre Deutsch) and* Rise of the Russian Consumer *(Institute of Economic Affairs, London).*

In theory at least, the situation of the Soviet consumer has been transformed in the last eighteen months. Increasing official preoccupation with the well-being of the broad mass of the population reached a climax in March 1971, when the 24th Congress of the Communist Party, breaking decisively with decades of emphasis on heavy industry, declared that a rapid rise in the standard of living was, and would continue to be, the main aim of the government. That assertion gave special interest to my personal observations in midsummer of this year, during a journey that included Moscow and Leningrad, as well as smaller provincial towns such as Vladimir and Suzdal, some 200 kilometers east of Moscow, and ancient Novgorod, about the same distance south of Leningrad.

Driving into the city centers from the airports, one becomes aware of the attempts by successive governments to deal with Russia's most acute social problem, that of housing. The squat 5-story blocks characteristic of the Khrushchev era are now dwarfed by much more extensive clusters of high-rise housing developments situated even further from the center. I had no time, on this visit, to explore them on foot, and it was impossible to see from a car or coach how well they were supplied with essential services and transport. The official story is that new branches of the "Metro" are built to serve these housing areas, and that the residents can reach their jobs in the center in fifteen or twenty minutes. This was not borne out in conversations. In Leningrad, where housing has always been especially difficult, people who had accommodations in central districts stayed where they were, preferring the convenience of situation to the more spacious premises available in distant suburbs. The reasons advanced were long and crowded bus journeys ("you always have to stand"), isolation from friends and from shopping and entertainment facilities. As the decision meant accepting the niggardly official "norm" of 9 square meters per person, and sharing toilet and cooking facilities with other families, just as in the bad old days of Stalin and Khrushchev, the aversion to suburban living must be strong. Some no doubt welcome the privacy offered by the one-family apartments in the new complexes, although living there is by no means trouble-free: the newspapers print vociferous complaints of leaking roofs, ill-fitting doors and windows, and other defects arising from hasty building. Rooms were said to be cramped, and kitchens often too small to house the new washing machines and refrigerators now coming on the market.

Last year's congress solved the housing problem, for Moscow at least, and on paper, by approving a plan which would limit further population growth in the city, and provide for radical decentralization to seven self-sufficient communities, each offering shops, clubs, sports grounds, cinemas and reliable transportation to theatres, large stores, museums and other metropolitan attractions. So far, however, Mr. Brezhnev's transformation of Moscow into a "model Communist city" remains a hope for the indefinite future.

One visible improvement over recent years was the appearance in the cities of sporadic consignments of small but juicy Moroccan oranges. Since I had been resigned to the absence of fresh fruit in Moscow and Leningrad during the summer (except in the collective farm markets and at exorbitant prices), this was a memorable change.

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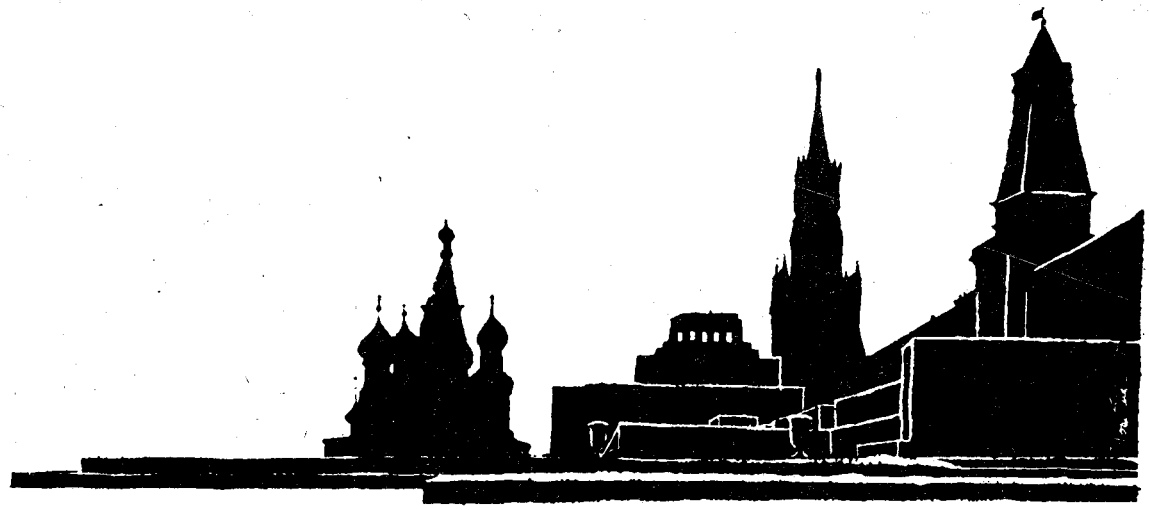

The oranges were not cheap, but sold briskly at 10 to 15 kopecks each (12 to 18 American cents, at the official rate of exchange: 0.83 rubles = $1). Otherwise shopping conditions were much the same as when I last saw them in 1968: crowded stores, few shop assistants, expensive goods of indifferent quality and limited range. There was no apparent sign that the government campaign urging housewives and pensioners to take part-time jobs and relieve the hard-pressed sales staffs was having any effect. Even allowing for the holiday season, which brought many native and foreign visitors to the cities, shops were still inadequate in numbers and staff. Direct price comparisons mean little, given the stringently controlled exchange rates, and the difficulty of making accurate visual assessments of quality. All that can be said is that, when I compared notes with price-conscious traveling companions, we concluded that the goods available cost on average two to three times as much as they would in Western Europe or the United States, and that in quality and range they were about half as satisfactory.

Some particularly high prices reflected the government's desire to siphon off excess purchasing power, and counter the inflationary pressures that have been endemic in the Soviet economy for decades, but which are now accentuated by the wage and salary increase of 31 per cent incorporated in the current Five-Year Plan (1971-75). Outstanding examples were women's quilted dressing gowns retailing at 54 rubles, nylon underslips varying from 26 to 50 rubles, panty hose at 8 rubles. Even such everyday items as men's cotton shirts and women's plastic handbags were three to four times higher than British prices for goods of better appearance and quality. Cheese at 2 rubles 80 kopecks for 1 kilogram was twice as dear as in England, and 4 rubles 50 kopecks seemed a lot to pay for a quarter kilogram of drab-colored margarine. No butter was in sight in that Leningrad grocery store.

Prices have to be weighed against wages, and the number of wage earners in the family, factors on which only broad generalizations can be given. One person living alone on the new minimum wage of 70 rubles would fare badly, but workers earning the average wage of 200 rubles a month could live fairly well, and so of course could skilled workers with a wage packet of 300 rubles monthly, and the prospect of efficiency bonuses. Most married women work, so most families have more than one wage earner. The questing hordes of shoppers thronging the Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad, or ranging through GUM, the famous government department store on Red Square in Moscow, made it very clear that many people had money to spend. Shopping is still tedious because almost everywhere the stores cling to the old custom of selling in one place, wrapping in another and taking payment in a third.

Bookstores and other specialist shops, such as those selling goods by the meter, were pleasanter places in which to study the welfare of the consumer. It has long been true that, in the cities, Russian women are well dressed in summer, but it seemed to me that the design and quality of cotton and other textiles had improved spectacularly in the last few years. A woman who can sew, or find someone to sew for her, can clothe herself as well as her Western sister for $5 to $10 a dress ($12.50 to $17.50 for winter-weight cloth). One drawback is the poor quality and high price of accessories—buttons, buckles, zip fasteners. Large bookstores offer a vast range of Russian and foreign books, maps, dictionaries, cards, children's books, even stamp collections, presided over by well-informed if harassed staffs.

Queues were much less common in the cities than in previous years, but that may have been partly a matter of season. They did, however, form quickly for *kvass*, a popular soft drink, dispensed in the summer from tank carts. It was interesting to see that most of the patient buyers carried large plastic containers, enabling them to lay in a day's supply, and testifying to the progress of the chemical industry, a prime objective of government policy since Khrushchev's day. The queues that also formed when oranges were available raised in one's mind the perennial problem of transport. Citrus fruits are grown in the warmer parts of the Soviet Union, especially on the Caucasian coast of the Black Sea, but must obviously

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find nearby markets, in view of the shortage of refrigerated cars and the need to reserve the limited railway capacities for basic commodities. Roads are normally used for short hauls. The most persistent lines formed outside shoe stores. Foot gear, with knitwear, has long been in chronically low supply and its quality has been a subject for abuse in the press. Brezhnev repeated the criticism in a public speech as recently as last March.

The atmosphere of small-town life was much more relaxed than that of the cities, and the hotel and shop staffs were often more cheerful and friendly. High temperatures, and warnings against drinking tap water, made me an eager customer for mineral water. At 30 kopecks a bottle (36¢) the price was high, but half of it was a deposit on the bottles, known to be scarce. The Russians have a pollution problem, but at least they do not yet add to it by making all containers nonreturnable.

Shops in provincial towns are generally thought to be less well stocked than the city stores, but in a country as large as the USSR it is dangerous to generalize. All the small towns I visited were in good dairy areas, and their food stores seemed to me at least as well supplied as those in Moscow and Leningrad. There can be no doubt that scarcities beset other, less favored rural areas: the problem is raised repeatedly in official speeches.

Everyday services are scheduled to double in the current plan, as is the output of consumer goods. But deficiencies in the former were even more glaring than in retail trade. True, in the cities, if less frequently in the small towns, many more establishments advertise their willingness to undertake laundering, dry cleaning, repair of electrical and other household goods. But the volume and intensity of complaints in the press about abysmally poor service and lack of spare parts for private cars and for expensive durables like refrigerators do not inspire optimism. Although the better hotels offered room service, experience soon showed it to be nonexistent—or orders were brought after two or three hours of waiting.

It was clear that tourists, both Russian and foreign, are increasing in numbers far more rapidly than the arrangements for their comfort and convenience. The only way to be sure of having something to eat and drink on day trips to places of historical interest was to carry one's own supplies. Queues for soft drinks (all that was normally available) at stopover points were far too long for the thirsty to be served in the time available; toilet facilities were unspeakable; cafés, where they existed, were either jammed or closed. In the environs of stately homes, palaces, ancient cathedrals, picture galleries, the demand for brochures, cards, small gifts, far outran the supply. We visiting "capitalists" could only regret that the Russians failed to take advantage of us as useful sources of profit.

I was surprised to see that, so many years after the end of World War II, restoration was still in full swing on some of Russia's most cherished national monuments —for example, Catherine the Great's majestic palace at Pushkin, outside Leningrad, and some of Novgorod's ancient cathedrals. All suffered extensive war damage. The slow progress can be due only to the low priority accorded such work, for the Russians are immensely proud of their heritage. Municipal services too were backward, and for the same reason the main hotel in Novgorod was well run and efficient, but the handsome flight of marble steps leading up to the entrance was in such bad repair as to call for careful negotiation. The streets around the hotel were poorly paved.

The USSR is frequently alleged to be on the threshold of mass motorization, but only in Moscow is the threshold visible. Traffic has noticeably thickened in the last few years, although the streets are not yet nearly as packed with cars as is the case in Western capitals. On the hard-surfaced roads from the cities to smaller towns, commercial traffic is light and the trucks are small. Kosygin has been complaining for years that such vehicles are uneconomic, but apparently the appearance of larger models awaits completion of the long-promised Kama River plant, with its estimated output of 150,000 trucks a year. Part of the Nixon deal of last May was a $10 million contract to design the foundry for this huge concern, rising east of Moscow, and now said to be running seriously behind schedule. When it does begin to produce, the problem of road building, road widening, and repairing, will become even more acute than it is now. Roads linking even important provincial centers with the cities are two-lane only; some unpaved space has been left on the shoulders, but it will be inadequate when traffic becomes more dense. Service stations were infrequent. I saw only one on my travels, where there was a long line of commercial and private vehicles awaiting service.

My on-the-spot observations confirmed the conclusions I had tentatively made from studying Soviet sources before leaving England—the consumer rebellion is only beginning and, at the present rate of progress, not one but several Five-Year Plans will be needed before Russian living standards approach Western levels. This judgment applies to the mass of the Russian people, who have no special privileges. A small minority is spared most of the pressures of daily living; they are government and party officials, successful artists, writers, professional men and women, members of the bureaucracy, many of whom have access to special clubs, medical services, reserved restaurants, and so on. We lunched in one such restaurant, agreeably situated in woods near the palace of Arkhangelskoye, outside Moscow. The food and service were up to the standard of first-class hotels, but it was not open to the general public.

Since the 24th Congress met, Russia has suffered one bad harvest, and Brezhnev has publicly admitted the extent to which this misfortune had held up the planned consumer reforms. When I was in the country (late June) the hay harvest was in or was in progress, but residents expressed some apprehension about general harvest prospects, following a long, cold, dry spring and a prolonged spell of unusually hot, dry weather. Some southern parts of European Russia had, it was said, been short of meat for a long time. By mid-August, apprehension had deepened into the near certainty of another poor harvest this year, in what was described in the

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Western press as the "hottest and driest summer for a century," and reports appeared of heavy Soviet grain purchases from the United States.

It is unfortunate that Brezhnev's consumer revolution should have got off to such a bad start, and the more so because ultimate success depends on economic incentive, especially in agriculture. It will not be enough to continue the present policy of channeling more capital investments, more fertilizers, more machinery into the agricultural sector, to compensate for prolonged Stalinist exactions in favor of heavy industry. It will be necessary also to insure that these are efficiently used, and that can be done only at an individual level, by men who understand what is needed, and have the skill as well as the will to work for it. Since only about one-quarter of Russia's vast domains are suitable for crops, intensive methods of cultivation are essential, along with adequate programs of irrigation, soil conservation and improvement. Such policies cost time and money, as does the expansion of education and training to insure that the right kind of management is applied in agriculture and, above all, that the right attitude is adopted toward staff. A recent inquiry by a Soviet economic journal into the rapid turnover of agricultural specialists revealed that the prime reason why key men quit their jobs with disconcerting frequency was the inattentive attitude of their superiors. This is a hangover from Stalin's "command economy," wherein the boss could treat his subordinates as negligently as he wished, as long as he fulfilled the tasks laid upon him. Labor was plentiful in those days, but now there is a chronic shortage, especially of skilled operators, and the old methods cannot be used without slowing economic advance.

It is true that too large a proportion of the working population is still employed in agriculture, but if the "drift to the towns" is confined to the younger, more energetic, more highly skilled members of the agricultural labor force—and that is most likely to happen when their skills are interchangeable between town and country, as with machine operators and economists—the problem of increasing farm production will not be easily solved. Without increased productivity in agriculture, industry will not get raw materials of the quality and in the quantities needed to fulfill various plans, and will in turn be unable to supply the equipment and machinery required to support incentive in industry by producing for industrial workers the consumer goods and social amenities they want.

Despite the impressive prospects held out at the 24th Congress, "instant affluence" for Soviet citizens was never a realistic expectation. Domestic needs alone would perplex the Soviet leadership when it came to choosing the priorities that could best close the efficiency gap still yawning between their economy and those of the advanced countries of the West. In fact, however, the expensive and expansive foreign policy that has made Russia an international political power, further restricts the range of choice in the internal economic sphere.

Pessimists might deduce that the Soviet authorities will be able to direct only just enough resources into improving the standard of living to prevent serious unrest, and that they may well feel bound to "protect" their citizens even more rigorously than before from any unsettling knowledge of how their opposite numbers live under consumer-oriented capitalism. But the Russian people have always been shut off from the rest of the world, and that has never seemed to prevent them from having a shrewd idea of what goes on beyond their borders. What really interests them today is not so much how workers live in America, Britain, France or any other country, but rather their own prospects for well-being in the next few years. A factor of really crucial importance is that Soviet citizens have endured more than half a century of suffering and sacrifice, unexampled even against the background of their own turbulent history. Above all they now crave peace, and increasing comfort and leisure in their everyday lives. The supreme dilemma of their rulers is to "deliver the goods" in time not only to raise incentive and productivity but to halt the growth of socio-economic problems which are another drag on economic efficiency. Lack of initiative in economic activity is frequently attributed by Soviet economists and sociologists to the continuation of bureaucratic control; soaring crime and divorce rates to bad housing conditions; alcoholism to boredom arising from the lack of reasonable facilities for engaging leisure time (especially after the five-day week was adopted in 1967). These are worldwide phenomena, against which socialism does not enjoy the immunity so often claimed for it.

It is not farfetched to interpret Russia's present internal situation optimistically, as being an inducement to the government to seek moderate and peaceful solutions in the international sphere. The West can do much to encourage such a trend, without weakening the essential interests of democratic countries, or ignoring the dangers inherent in any system of authoritarian rule. The real "iron curtain" on both sides is ignorance, breeding fear and suspicion, of how the other actually lives. The remedy for that might well be a widespread teaching of Russian history and language. If more people understood the multifarious pressures to which successive governments of Russia have been subjected by historical forces beyond their control, it would be a good start toward discerning the real meaning behind policies that may appear unfriendly or even menacing. Every country carries a burden of history, but it is indisputable that Russia's burden is exceptionally heavy, and that the initiative therefore rests with the West.

The rising numbers of research workers on Soviet affairs could help by directing at least part of their writings to "the man in the street," instead of to students and fellow specialists. These are not feeble weapons with which to meet the intractable problems that threaten world peace. On the contrary, they would speed the building up of an informed public opinion, and give essential support to politicians, diplomats, business and professional men, whose task is to carry out day-to-day negotiations with a country that still differs widely from free enterprise societies in social, economic and ideological outlook, but which is changing much more rapidly than is generally understood, under the economic pressures of modern life and the demands of its own increasingly sophisticated labor force. □

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The Military in Public Affairs

BRUCE RUSSETT & ALFRED STEPAN
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Americans have not yet appreciated all the causes and probable effects of the enormously expanded political role played by our armed forces in recent decades. In fact, that expansion should be a cause for anxiety on two grounds: the enormous enlargement of military forces and military expenditures over previous nonwartime standards, and the expansion of the military into activities hitherto performed by civilians or not performed in the political system at all.

First, some factual information on the enlargement of the armed forces. Before World War II, active-duty military personnel numbered about 330,000 men, less than 1 per cent of the working-age male population. Virtually all those men were stationed in the continental United States or in American possessions. Annual military expenditures came to less than $1.3 billion, or to about $1.8 billion including veterans' benefits. Even the larger figure was less than 20 per cent of the federal budget and approximately 2 per cent of the gross national product. Military research and development cost in the low millions per year. The nation had no foreign allies and few foreign military bases. The aircraft of the day typically had a combat radius of a few hundred miles and could carry only a ton or so of high-explosive bombs. Foreign threats therefore seemed far away and a major attack on the Western Hemisphere promised to carry early warning. Domestically, by the late 1930s the nation seemed to have recovered its political stability, and there were no major calls for army response to civil disturbance.

The post-World War II period looks very different. In 1970, American armed forces numbered about 3.2 million men, or 6 per cent of the male labor force. More than 1 million uniformed men were stationed abroad, in countries on every continent. In addition, more than 1 million civilians were employed directly by the Defense Department. The military budget hovered around $75 billion, with veterans' benefits adding $10 billion, and interest on the largely war-incurred national debt $17 billion—payments on past, current and presumed avoidance of future wars accounting for more than 61 per cent of the money appropriated by Congress. Together, those figures exceeded 10 per cent of the gross national product—five times the pre-World War II level. Military research and development costs had risen to $8 billion and reached into almost every university and large corporation. The United States could count forty-one formal military allies and during the cold-war period had carried out military assistance programs to more than fifty nations. Military threats, both given and received, were immediate. Bombers and missiles could reach halfway around the globe, carrying payloads whose explosive power was measured in multiples of megatons. Missiles could deliver their warheads in less than thirty minutes, offering but a few minutes warning. For situations in which the presence of armed men, rather than mere destructive force, was required, whole divisions could be airlifted across oceans in less than a day.

Skills and attitudes also changed. Most American cold-war leaders had been political or military officials during the years of World War II; for their generation, warfare constituted an epic destruction of tyranny. That victory through force of arms, combined with the fact of an enormous American military capability during most of the post-World War II period, fed a confidence in the tools and concepts of force, in coercion and deterrence as the tactics of foreign policy. Military-political research centers were set up to create a new scholarly expertise in strategic questions. Thus emerged the intellectual outgrowth of the material growth of the American military—a great body of civilian analysts who thought in military terms.

However necessary for national security military expansion may have seemed, however punctilious officers may have been in trying to defer to civilian authority, the facts of an enormous change are inescapable. For those of less than middle age who know history as the span of their adult lifetimes, the change may not be obvious, but by any perspective extending back over more than thirty years, we have a new world. Furthermore, the expanding military expenditures, manpower and technological sophistication have unavoidably produced changes, perhaps as great, in the American political system.

The speed, range and size of modern weapons have transformed traditional diplomacy. Because the potential of major power attack is always present, because the capability of American military intervention floats almost everywhere on the seven seas, the military instruments of national influence are today always considered alongside the traditional economic and political instruments. Civilian leaders are preoccupied with questions of potential violence, internationally and nationally; they have incorporated military leaders into the highest planning levels of foreign and even domestic policy. New institutional structures have been created to direct the use of force in international affairs. The National Security Act of 1947 established the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the National Security Council. It also founded the Central Intelligence Agency, with its combination of economic, political and paramilitary functions. Other institutions, such as the National Security Agency, employ both military and civilian personnel for intelligence gathering and policy execution. The National Security Council deals not only with overt problems of military and foreign policy but with domestic concerns as well, on the assumption that strong instruments of foreign policy require a large, stable domestic base. Increasing reliance by American Presidents on the National Security Council and its staff, instead of on the State Department, means that an organization with a strong military orientation has replaced an overwhelmingly

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civilian institution as the central advisory organ for American foreign policy.

The role of military men has also expanded overseas. Nearly half of recent American foreign aid has taken the form of military assistance. Until recently, economic and military assistance were "packaged" in the same appropriations bills; economic aid proved more palatable to Congress if its apparent contribution to military security was emphasized. American military men have been employed as mediators with the elites of the less developed countries. American leaders, both civilian and military, embraced the new doctrine that the military adviser should be an activist soldier-statesman in such fields as counterinsurgency, administrative reform and nation building. This has been accentuated by recent American expectations (not entirely fulfilled) that the Communist powers would make a great effort to initiate revolutionary warfare in Latin America and around the Eurasian littoral. As the fear of direct nuclear or conventional attack from the Soviet Union lessened, it was replaced by the fear of Maoist fish in a peasant and proletarian sea.

Nor has the expansion of military participation been limited to America's overseas activities. Many essentially civilian programs have been justified in the name of national security; the national security label has doubtless contributed, properly or not, to the volume of such pork barrels as the interstate highway program, strategic material stockpiles, the space program, shipbuilding and the merchant marine, some agricultural subsidies and the National Defense Education Act. And while the rhetoric of these programs has contributed to the assumption that military matters deserve national priority, more direct expansions of the activities of military men themselves are also apparent. Project 100,000 of the Defense Department, to induct and train many young men who would otherwise be passed over by the draft, brought the armed forces into a new area of health and education. The same was true for Project Transition, designed to give useful civilian skills to those about to be discharged from military service. Selective Service itself brought the armed forces into new functions and of course utterly changed the expectations of every healthy, young American male from what they would have been in the 1930s.

Demands for riot control and maintenance of domestic security in a period of national unrest have had great effect on the professional military of this country. First, the National Guard, and then the Regular Army, have been deeply engaged in riot control. A number of the best Army combat units have spent much of their training time preparing for domestic missions. In 1968, a year when the riot bell seemed to ring almost continuously, the Army was put under orders to be prepared to send as many as 10,000 men simultaneously to each of twenty-five cities.

Naturally enough, intelligence gathering about civilian activities and policy planning for dealing with civil unrest have followed. For example, an official Army document, widely disseminated in 1968 to units stationed in the United States, shows how Army leaders perceived that their service had become profoundly concerned with domestic American policies:

> The current civil disturbance situation dictates a change in the degree to which the Army must seek advance information concerning potential and probable trouble areas and troublemakers. . . . [It] must know in advance as much as possible about the wellsprings of violence and the heart and nerve causes of chaos.

"Yes, This Is the White House, the State Department, the Senate and the House. Which Do You Want?"

Army officers did not necessarily seek these tasks. On investigating the program of military intelligence gathering about civilians, then Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert F. Froehlke decided that civilian officials had ordered a "reluctant" military to conduct investigations in specific communities, but once involved, "the military over-reacted."

Thus what it means to be a military man has changed enormously over the past few decades, and with it the American political system has also changed. The soldier must take on tasks that were unknown, certainly to him and perhaps to anyone, thirty years ago. Moreover, he expects to take on those tasks, and civilians expect him to do so. The result is a new force in the political system and new strains on the conception the military man has of his role.

It is almost impossible to establish the precise mechanisms by which this expansion of role occurred. Some observers would largely blame the enthusiasms of the military men themselves, usually willing, even eager, to take on a new job and do it well. Certainly there is a reluctance, evident in tasks as well as budgets and manpower levels, to give up a capability once it has been acquired, whether or not the original need still exists. Such bureaucratic inertia or "ratchet effect" is not limited to the military. Moreover, a strong civilian impetus must be acknowl-

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edged. Civilian personnel seem all too willing to defer to military expertise regarding questions at the civilian/military margin, or indeed to select military instruments on their own initiative. When civilians take on a task and fail, it may well seem natural to let the Army have a try. Civic action, intelligence gathering and riot control are distasteful operations; civilian officials often prefer to have someone else do them, and the obvious someone else is the military.

Furthermore, there are often symbiotic effects between military activity and civilian benefit. Many of the ramifications of mutual support implied by the term "military-industrial complex" are too obvious to require noting. But they are not limited to the exchange of economic benefits. The ideological drive for militant anti-communism in this country has been provided fully as much by civilians as by soldiers. Observers of the American political system must be alert not just for military usurpation of formerly civilian functions but also about the roles civilians give to the Army. There is a push as well as a pull. Civilian abdication of responsibility, as well as military aggrandizement must be watched.

It is of course true that in the past year or two the size of the military establishment has diminished. Military spending as a proportion of the gross national product has dropped to the lowest level since the beginning of the Korean War. Military manpower has been cut sharply, and may fall even more dramatically with the creation of a new volunteer Army. These changes must be recognized, though, as we emphasized earlier, by the standards of the late 1940s or before World War II the military establishment is still extremely large. And even the reduction, accompanied by rising anti-military sentiments in parts of the populace, can have the effect of further politicizing the military. As the cold-war consensus evaporates, as a large proportion of the population becomes resentful toward recent American foreign policy, military men must work harder to generate political support for their activities. Furthermore, in an attempt to avoid being again drawn into counterinsurgency wars they cannot win, military men understandably seek the right to make their own judgments about the political appropriateness of their activities. The civilians responsible for a foreign policy that has failed are also responsible for the politicization of the military that has sprung from that failure.

Doubtless the policy recommendations of military men have at times been more liberal or more humane than the recommendations of civilians. When applauding such occasions, it is tempting to welcome the military inputs to the political process. But the perspectives of military men must diverge from those of civilian leaders. Military officers are members of a bureaucratic organization, with distinct interests and responsible to their institutional superiors. Political leaders are ultimately responsible to their electorate, and cannot forget to compare their actions with those they perceive their constituents desire. No amount of educating military men to broaden their perspectives can erase this difference. To replace civilians with military men in policy-making positions, even when the military inputs may appear temporarily more pleasing, is in the long run to jeopardize democratic procedures. □

HEAVY HAND ON PHILADELPHIA

ONE YEAR OF FRANK RIZZO

GENE GILMORE
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Philadelphia's hefty Mayor Frank Rizzo was a happy man on the night of November 7. Even though he had been elected as a Democrat a year before, he was exultant over the re-election of Richard Nixon as President. In his jubilation, he loudly proclaimed that the McGovern defeat was "the end for the phony liberals and radicals." Then, referring to Sen. Edward Kennedy, he said, "In 1976 we'll take care of that other liberal."

During the campaign, Rizzo had declared that, with his support of Nixon, the Democratic candidate's edge in Philadelphia would be kept below 100,000. McGovern took the city by 89,000 votes, so a happy Rizzo kept trying that night to telephone the President to give and receive congratulations. He finally got through at 1:20 A.M., by which time a telegram had arrived from Nixon, praising the Mayor for assisting in the victory.

If Rizzo had checked the statewide figures, he might not have been quite so pleased with himself. McGovern had dipped far below the 271,000 majority Hubert Humphrey rolled up in Philadelphia in 1968. But he fared even worse in Allegheny County, which enfolds Pittsburgh and which is another Democratic stronghold. Humphrey had won Allegheny County by 100,000 votes; McGovern lost it by 189,000.

This means that defections from Humphrey in 1968 to Nixon in 1972 totaled 182,000 in Philadelphia but 289,000 in smaller Allegheny County. Rizzo really had little to boast about.

However, the Mayor's analysis of the figures is typical of the way he operates. He does not let facts, friends or promises deter him from bulldozing the city into his own fiefdom. His main weapon is fear, for he makes substantial numbers of people believe that if they cross Rizzo they are marked for revenge.

Nixon, of course, appreciates that kind of person and, in the game of politics, he rewards such helpmates. So the President has rummaged in the White House cellar and come up with several million dollars for Philadelphia. Everyone in the city assumed there would be such a payoff for Rizzo's support. The federal grants did little

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to support Philadelphia's shaky finances. Rizzo's sole long-term proposal for bringing money into the treasury is to have daily lotteries in the city. He would also legalize all gambling and thereby "remove temptation" from police and city officials.

Rizzo does not consider lotteries and other gambling to be forms of taxation. When he was campaigning for mayor, he made one thing perfectly clear: he would not raise taxes. He also pledged to keep the schools open. He could not do both, so he blithely said, "I'll decide which promises to keep."

Sure enough, he decided not to keep his school promise. The schools were closed for the first three weeks in September by a teachers' strike. Rizzo only snarled at the teachers and suggested that they look elsewhere for work. The teachers finally caved in, agreeing to let a judge decide the pay-raise issue. Since then, the school board has approved an April 13th school closing date because all the money will have run out by then. Rizzo has said he can dredge up $12 million. If he doesn't produce, schools will close on March 30.

The board some months ago stopped asking Rizzo for permission to raise taxes on its own; when they did, he simply called for more state aid, even though the state also has no money. He makes matters more difficult by issuing a stream of insults at Democratic Gov. Milton Shapp. Among the insults is a statement, revised somewhat every few days, that Shapp will be a one-term governor. That's because Rizzo is thinking of running for governor himself in 1974, when his mayoral term still has a year to go.

"Nobody could beat me if I decided to run for governor," he first said last summer; he has repeated the boast several times. The Democrats assume that he will run as a Republican, but some of Rizzo's statements indicate that he'd relish a primary fight against Shapp.

One reason for being governor, Rizzo says, is that he could fire J. Shane Creamer, the attorney general. Rizzo detests Creamer because he has poked around the Philadelphia Police Department, which Rizzo once headed, and found corruption. Besides, Creamer is opposed to the death penalty and Rizzo favors an electric chair for Philadelphia's private use.

Rizzo should perhaps be a little more cautious about his chances for governor. He has already made a lot of solid enemies, including former Mayor James Tate, who picked Rizzo as his successor. All the patronage forces are in Shapp's hands—and that's a lot of people in Pennsylvania—and almost all the county chairmen are Shapp people. In addition, out in the state the citizens resent those slickers from the big city who come around to tell them how to do things.

One might think that a man like Rizzo would stub his toe along the way, but so far the only thing that rates as a scandal is his decision to build himself a $400,000 house. Even this has caused little dismay, probably because it is being done so brazenly. Rizzo's salary as Mayor is $40,000, and few people making that salary live in houses that cost ten times as much. But in many ways Rizzo fancies himself an absolute monarch, and he needs a castle to fit the role. Like a lot of former kings, he intends to get his wholesale.

The house is being built on an undeveloped 4-acre tract on a hill overlooking the Philadelphia Cricket Club. Rizzo bought the land last March from Charles G. Simpson for just under $12,000, the amount Simpson had paid for it seven years before. Bernard C. Meltzer, chairman of the City Planning Commission, handled the deal without commission, even though he spent several weeks trying to find a site for the Mayor's house. That's even better than wholesale.

One would think that the Mayor would at least be courteous to Simpson after getting such a good deal. Not so. One day Simpson discovered that he was no longer chairman of the Commission on Higher Education—Mayor Rizzo, in one curt move, had abolished the commission.

A special Rizzo friend, Al Pearlman, is building the house. Pearlman says the cost will be only $114,000 because he is getting no profit and most of the supplies are obtained at less than wholesale prices. For example, the air conditioning came at a 40 per cent discount. Heating, electrical and plumbing supplies were 60 per cent off. A cement contractor provided the basement and foundation work for $8,000, a job that would normally have cost more than $25,000. Pearlman says he is doing all this because "the Mayor is like a brother to me." There has been no public word on the depth of Rizzo's feeling for Pearlman.

While the Mayor is willing to spend at least something

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for his mansion, he will spend public money for city services in only one place—the Police Department. Rizzo would like to hire 4,900 more policemen, so there could be one on every block. He is pushing for only 900 more, to raise the force to 8,000. The 900 will cost the city at least $10 million in salaries alone.

Rizzo has also revived mounted patrols and now some 100 horses carry policemen around the central city and at athletic events. He even plans to build a $25,000 stable for the horses in Fairmount Park.

Except for the police, Rizzo takes little interest in strengthening departments or trying to solve the city's serious problems. Rather than raise taxes he's perfectly willing to cut city services up to 25 per cent.

Rizzo's build-up of the police force was billed as a way to cut crime. However, crime has been increasing faster in Philadelphia than in any other Eastern city. The number of crimes has gone up 85 per cent in three years. Some of this increase may be due to a more scrupulous presentation of statistics. There is some evidence that a few years ago Police Chief Rizzo managed the figures a little. Except for murder, crime rates then were low in Philadelphia. This oddity of statistics caused a police commissioner in another big city to comment, "Ha, I guess ole Frank couldn't hide the bodies."

While crime is rising swiftly, business and industry are pulling out of town faster than in other cities. Rizzo expresses concern, makes a few gestures, but nothing happens to check the exodus. This means that Philadelphia steadily swings toward being a city of a few wealthy in the high rises and in tiny enclaves, and a million poor and nearly poor. Certainly no family interested in quality public education will hang around.

A couple of incidents show how Rizzo operates:

The school board decided to build a new high school on land near the Delaware River. The land cost was $100,000 an acre. Rizzo said that was too expensive and that he would send policemen to stop construction. The board, which had spent four years looking for a site, capitulated. Other sites were even more expensive.

The gas works are owned by the city but operated by a private firm. A gas commission regulates rates and sets policy for the operator. A 9 per cent rate increase was proposed. Rizzo was against it, claiming that it amounted to a tax rise.

The vote was 4 to 1 against the increase. The one commissioner in the minority was fired by Rizzo as soon as the vote was taken. The ousted commissioner did not contest the firing although he had time left on a four-year term. The job provides no salary.

Those two episodes display the use of raw power, but a third is even more disturbing.

Nixon was to come to Philadelphia in October to sign the revenue-sharing bill at Independence Hall. The day before, a group of twenty-five gathered at the hall to start a vigil against the war. Police hustled them across the street. The next morning they were told to go a block away. They refused and were hauled away in paddy wagons.

A few hours later, but two hours before Nixon was to speak, a dozen more demonstrators were seized. One of them was the mother of Bobby Fischer, the chess champion. Several more were taken away during the speech. By the time Nixon left town later in the afternoon, more than forty persons were in custody. They were questioned, fingerprinted and photographed, but never charged. They were all released, some of them after being in jail ten hours. There may be more to the story. Several of those "arrested" are suing the city.

Somehow hecklers at McGovern rallies had full freedom of speech.

One might think that the public would start objecting to Rizzo's heavy hand, but there are few signs of it. Some admire the tough approach; others think he has bullied the civil servants into working hard; others are just scared. As far as one can tell, the people who are distressed by his actions are those who voted against him in the first place.

The nation's fourth largest city seems bound to continue slipping into a bog of terrible schools, increasing crime and a declining economy. Philadelphia's troubles are not going to be solved by a night stick or by a bull-necked personality with police-state attitudes. □

FIGHTING FOR HARLEM

Florence Rice vs. the Utilities

STEVE MURDOCK
Mr. Murdock, who formerly wrote on sports for a Wyoming newspaper, now edits the publication issued by Local 1199, Drug and Hospital Union, in New York.

On one of Madison Avenue's less fashionable blocks—between 125th and 126th Streets in the heart of Harlem—there's a white-painted storefront bearing the sign, "Harlem Consumer Education Council, Inc." You have to knock. They keep the door locked, and there are assorted safeguards against burglary. "Otherwise," explains Mrs. Florence M. Rice, "they steal the typewriters."

Mrs. Rice basically *is* the Harlem Consumer Education Council, although she would be even more hard-pressed than she is if she didn't have the services of Carl Jones, a 37-year-old volunteer researcher who has a penchant for writing briefs to the New York State Public Service Commission that contain his own ironic brand of humor.

Florence M. Rice is a bouncy 53-year-old black woman who accepts the likelihood of burglary as a run-of-the-block risk in Harlem and, after taking the precautions

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she can, focuses on what she regards as the really important enemies of her people—like the New York Telephone Co. and the Consolidated Edison Co. Mrs. Rice is not going to be deflected by junkies who steal typewriters. "There are not," she says with characteristic candor, "enough Ralph Naders in the world, and there are not enough Florence Rices."

As a self-trained consumer representative, Mrs. Rice concedes that Nader has done some valuable spotlight training on how consumers get cheated, but she isn't exactly one of his fans. She doesn't think he recognizes the special exploitation suffered by the black consumer, and that's where she comes in—to the degree that she can.

If the reaction of the New York Telephone Co. is a yardstick, she can do quite a lot. Edward Goldstein, one of the phone company's vice presidents, came to take her out to lunch after she became a fixture at Public Service Commission hearings on telephone service and rate matters. "Some of the best men," she says, smiling, "take me out to lunch."

The New York Times last summer described her as a "telephone militant," and admittedly a lot of her time and energy go into fighting the phone company. At the moment she is involved heavily in Public Service Commission Case No. 26243, a series of hearings known technically as proceedings ". . . on motion of the Commission as to the rules and practices of the New York Telephone Company relating to deposits and suspension of service for non-payment."

As far as Harlem is concerned, she says, the phone company has a double standard. It is much tougher on blacks in demanding deposits and in cutting off service than it is on whites. She is in the process of attempting to prove this through witnesses at the hearings.

Mrs. Rice says she concentrates most of her time and energy on public utilities because Florynce Kennedy, a black activist lawyer, "convinced me that utilities were where the action really was." Before then, "I was chasing pennies."

But, she admits, she will still go in pursuit of an occasional cent. Recently, she ran a consumer education class for a group of neighborhood women. They concentrated on one item—hominy grits. They ran their own survey and found that the price ranged from 31¢ to 39¢ a pound in an area of several blocks surrounding the Council office. The women determined they should pay no more than 34¢. By being concentrated on a single item, she says, the lesson was more dramatic.

A woman of vast energy and enthusiasm, Mrs. Rice seems to have had to do everything the hard way. She grew up in orphanages and in foster homes. She didn't finish high school and started work as a domestic. World War II gave her a chance to get into industry. She found that skills—such as reading blueprints—came quickly to her. After the war she went to work in the garment industry and became a militant rank-and-filer in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. As a result, she says, employment opportunities dried up for her, and she found herself working eventually as a credit clerk in a retail establishment. That was what got her into the consumer movement.

"I saw how black people were exploited at every level.

I saw how they were cheated." She realized that blacks couldn't get credit then at the big department stores; now that situation is better, partly as a result of her efforts. "In the beginning of our Council," she says, "I told people to go and shop at the big stores because they could get better buys—even if they couldn't get credit." She started the Council in the early 1960s, and it has led a precarious existence ever since. According to Mrs. Rice, more than 100 foundations have refused the Council any funding. Mostly she keeps it going with lecture fees. She has become an engaging public speaker. Yet the $140 rent for the storefront is a problem every month. "When you have to go out and beg for postage stamps you're in a bad way."

She doesn't like to think in box-score terms—of cases won and lost before the Public Service Commission. "I don't like to think of winning. I like to think of making them change their procedures."

By just being where she is, she feels she has changed the Commission. "We've got them working. I don't think they've ever worked so hard before."

Mrs. Rice is a tempestuous talker. She can range clear across the spectrum of consumer problems and the black human condition in a matter of minutes. She is full of insight into her own problem. "Not enough people know this place is here . . . but you can't talk to a hungry man. . . . When your belly is empty you can't think."

So even she has to put double locks on the door. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Name of Meany—Says He Kept the Boys Together

MEANY: The Unchallenged Strong Man of American Labor. *By Joseph C. Goulden. Atheneum Publishers. 504 pp. $12.95.*

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick, currently professor of industrial relations in the Graduate School of Business at Columbia University, has been The Nation*'s labor correspondent since 1958. His most recent book is* Detroit: City of Race and Class Violence *(Quadrangle Books).*

This book is a gold mine of insights, irony, and original source material about George Meany, the trade unions and important American public figures. No post-mortem account of the 1972 elections will be complete without a reading of this fascinating, full-scale biography of the controversial president of the AFL-CIO. Its publication is a major accomplishment for the author, its timing a likely source of embarrassment for its subject, George Meany and other union leaders.

The intention of this biography was otherwise. Written with the full cooperation of George Meany, its thrust was to portray him as a militant labor leader climaxing a fifty-year career in the trade union hierarchy with a glorious finale: the defeat of the anti-labor occupant of the White House. "Nixon! Labor has detested this man and fought this man for more than two decades, and now here he is in the White House. A man with absolutely nothing in common with George Meany, except mutual enmity." So ran the "party line" in national AFL-CIO headquarters early in 1972, when Goulden was finishing his book. The reasons are outlined in rich detail in two chapters about the acrimonious dispute between Meany and the President over incomes policy. With everything on the record.

For good measure, in that period of time George Meany did not simply disagree with President Nixon. He told Goulden quite often that he detested Nixon as intensely as he did any man who had ever been in public life in the United States. The question arises: what manner of man could flip flop from total war against to "neutrality for Nixon," even at the expense of widening the split among unions? The book furnishes the basis for an explanation—and it had nothing to do with alleged pro- or anti-labor voting records, as Meany's relations with many politicians testify. Rather the explanation lies in Meany's character.

To begin with, there is an arrogance in the man, visible at press conferences and in his conduct of the AFL-CIO conventions, which is reflected in this book by the disdain with which he views mere mortals. And they include a Who's Who of American politics. Meany's sting has among its victims Arthur Goldberg, Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson, Frank Fitzsimmons, Walter Reuther, James Hoffa, John L. Lewis, FDR and Mrs. Roosevelt, as well as President Nixon and John B. Connally. Spiro Agnew rates no mention and George McGovern barely a word, although Meany spoke of him as a possible, acceptable candidate at the breakfast he had with the press late in 1971, when he dismissed John Lindsay and George Wallace from consideration.

Interestingly enough, there was only one exception. Meany admired and was proud of John F. Kennedy, the first Irish Catholic President of the United States, regarding him almost with devotion. This does not, of course, extend to the other Kennedys. President Kennedy knew how to handle Meany. It was always "Mr. Meany," never "George." Goulden observes, "Intellectually, Kennedy felt more rapport with Walter Reuther, but he took care to maintain friendly relations with both men. For Reuther, a long hour on the beach with Jacqueline at Hyannis Port, the week after her husband's nomination; for Meany, an advance briefing on the Cuban missile crisis, so that the voice of organized labor would support the administration."

When George McGovern received the 1972 Democratic Party nomination, Meany's fury was unbounded. In 1968, he had been wined and dined and flattered by the most important party politicians. He felt like a king maker, and reserved his scorn for the kids outside, whose heads were broken in the Chicago bust. Indeed, Meany praised the conduct of the Chicago police. In 1972—and the details are in this book—Meany had only one possible Democratic Party choice, Sen. Henry Jackson. The others were pawns in his game, and yet it ended in Meany's humiliation. The people he despised took over. Hence the bile of his remarks against Senator McGovern at the Steelworkers' convention. Now there was a greater hate than the big hate.

Is George Meany that vengeful? In a footnote about his own research for this book, Goulden writes revealingly, "The presidents of some large unions, supposedly fearless labor leaders, are frightened silly at offending Meany, and would talk about him only in generalities, or off the record." When in 1942 Franklin Roosevelt, with Sidney Hillman's assistance, blocked a merger of the AFL and the CIO proposed by John L. Lewis, and which involved having George Meany as president of the new organization, Meany did not forgive and forget. In 1944 he voted for Dewey.

A note on his feelings toward Walter Reuther, and the atmosphere in the AFL-CIO headquarters, provides further insight. "Meany slowly became an isolated man—so scornful of critics that only rarely would anyone in his inner circles differ with him, upon pain of being denounced as a 'Reutherite.' Nelson Cruikshank, who left the AFL-CIO to run a Medicare lobby financed by labor, was distressed at what he saw. George found himself surrounded by yes men, by guys who thought the way to get along with him was to toady to him. They were wrong; they should have argued with him, for he respects people who do. But by the early 1960s all he heard was people who agreed with him, and told him what they thought he wanted to hear."

Obsessive anti-communism is another major factor coloring all of Meany's politics, at home and abroad. Meany described himself as "second only to Richard Nixon, in the 1950s, as the most rabid anti-Communist in America." (In the epoch of McCarthyism, that's saying a mouthful. For whatever reason, Goulden did not explore Meany's views on Sen. Joseph McCarthy, a regrettable omission.) Knowing these views of Meany made it predictable that he would do everything in his power to defeat Senator McGovern. Nixon's landslide, for Meany, is a defeat for "neo-isolationism," and perhaps a good omen for destroying any peace movement, which by definition has to be appeasement or softness toward commu-

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nism. Meany remains not only a cold warrior but a holy warrior. He worries about Nixon's overtures toward easing the cold war, and severely criticized the President's trips to China and Russia.

With this outlook, Meany has used his position as president of the AFL-CIO to win labor approval for foreign policy positions which, in the words of A. H. Raskin, of *The New York Times,* who observed Meany for decades, "puts him well to the right of the American Legion in support of the Vietnam war and every other aspect of defense."

Goulden documents the disastrous consequences of Meany's policies to democratic unions in South America and the cynical involvement of AFL-CIO unions with CIA operations, while at the same time denying Victor Reuther's charges that this was true. Meany's protestations to the contrary mock the facts. And as an investigative reporter, Goulden has done a superb job of seeking all the facts in this highly controversial field. Nevertheless there is one omission which bears closely on the subject of the AFL-CIO as an "arm of the United States Government" —to quote Meany. It is the strange case of Harold Banks, the former Seafarers' International Union official sent to Canada, whose activities there caused a national scandal, and led to his conviction and a five-year jail sentence for hiring goons to beat up a rival union leader. He jumped bail, forfeiting a $100,000 bond, and when the Canadian Government requested his extradition, none other than George Meany's good friend Dean Rusk personally declined the request, according to *The Wall Street Journal* of July 19, 1968. Banks was, of course, engaged in an "anti-Communist" crusade, or so the story went.

There is so much valuable information in this book that it seems ungracious to cavil, but the isolation of the AFL-CIO from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, and its final break from the international body isn't examined here, and yet an analysis of that situation is a necessary feature of the process of arriving at the conclusion that a major failure of Meany's official career has been his operations abroad. Neither in England, Germany nor the Scandinavian countries does the AFL-CIO have any real prestige or influence.

The sections on how Meany outmaneuvered, outsmarted, and really defeated Walter Reuther, by isolating him in the top AFL-CIO circles and then provoking him into taking the UAW out of the federation, add a new dimension to that controversy. The evidence is clear that Reuther, while more in the right on significant issues, simply wasn't a match for Meany as a tactician.

Meany's scorn for Reuther doesn't come out as strongly in this book as it was in life. Current remarks that Reuther never wanted Meany's job, or that Meany never thought he did, are absurd. Once upon a time, Reuther believed he would easily succeed Meany as the head of the merged AFL and CIO in 1955, and lead a reinvigorated labor movement. The conservative atmosphere in America, Meany's skill, and the violent hostility of the building trades unions excluded that possibility. And for Reuther these problems were aggravated by the fact that the national AFL-CIO headquarters was filled with Reuther enemies, including Jay Lovestone, Meany's alter ego in foreign affairs. Instead of being eliminated, Lovestone, the successful secretary of the American Communist Party until Stalin removed him, eliminated everyone who even looked as if he might have a kind word for Reuther.

But historians are entitled to ask, was the labor movement ahead or behind after Reuther was boxed in, and was finally persuaded to pull out of the AFL-CIO, realizing that he couldn't change or influence it? What did Meany win, except for retaining his own power?

When A. Philip Randolph was attacked by George Meany at the 1959 convention, Reuther hoped the occasion would give him greater influence than Meany among black unionists. But at the 1963 convention Meany again outsmarted Reuther. Meany's speech writers wrote as radical a program as the one Reuther proposed: Meany retreated, allowing Randolph to keep the Negro American Labor Council functioning. He had dinner with Randolph and made personal peace. Even Meany's failure to support the march on Washington in 1963 was forgiven when Meany helped set up the A. Philip Randolph Institute, and the organizer of the march, Bayard Rustin, was appointed executive director, and became Meany's spokesman in the trade unions —much to Reuther's chagrin. A minor incident, in the Rustin case, is Goulden's revelation that Meany had before him the FBI files on Rustin, one of the few times that the cooperation between J. Edgar Hoover and Meany (mutual admirers) has been stated in print.

As does Matthew Josephson's classic study, *Sidney Hillman: Statesman of Labor,* and more recently John Herling's exemplary *The Right to Challenge,* a devastating analysis of I. W. Abel and his predecessor David McDonald, Goulden's *Meany* fills an important gap in modern labor history and American politics. Apparently George Meany decided to come out of the back room, where the deals are made and no record is kept, and place his version of events before the public. This area of activity constitutes an important omission in the works of the Schlesingers and the Theodore Whites. In the future, no history can omit mention of George Meany in writing about the lives and influences of major political and labor figures—as Joseph P. Lash did in his monumental volumes on Eleanor Roosevelt. Meany doesn't even rate a footnote, and yet his attack on the foreign policy views of Mrs. Roosevelt and her close friend Walter Reuther signified the end of her influence among union leaders, and foretold the cold-war line of the AFL-CIO.

Which version of labor history does the reader want? George Meany, bragging and shocking his fellow unionists in 1955, announces, "It may interest you to know that I am president of this great organization that has such tremendous power and I never went on strike in my life, never ran a strike, never ordered anyone else to run a strike and never had anything to do with a picket line." Now we read, " 'I am always amused,' he said proudly, 'when I hear some of my critics say, "What does Meany know about labor? He never carried a picket sign, he never conducted a strike." Well, I conducted a strike, and it was a big strike, and it was against a formidable employer, which was the United States government.' " Read the new version, and contrast it with the record of strikes and struggles in auto, steel, the maritime industry, textiles—the whole CIO movement.

Contrast the hard life and struggles of men like Reuther, Joseph Curran, Harry Bridges, Jacob Potofsky—in fact, any union leaders of those turbulent days, with Meany's manner of life. Goulden writes, "Lehman gave Meany both social and political access to the governor's mansion, and Meany learned to be comfortable in a tuxedo, to make polite table talk with Harvard and Yale men, and to develop a taste for a life style with trappings more elaborate than beer garden picnics and boiled beef and potatoes." Through two wars and a great depression, Meany lived well, and kept 9-to-5 hours, according to his own testimony. That is, obviously, a personal success story—ending at the age of 78, in a $90,000-a-year lifetime job.

Meany's contribution was not made as a militant labor leader. His record is

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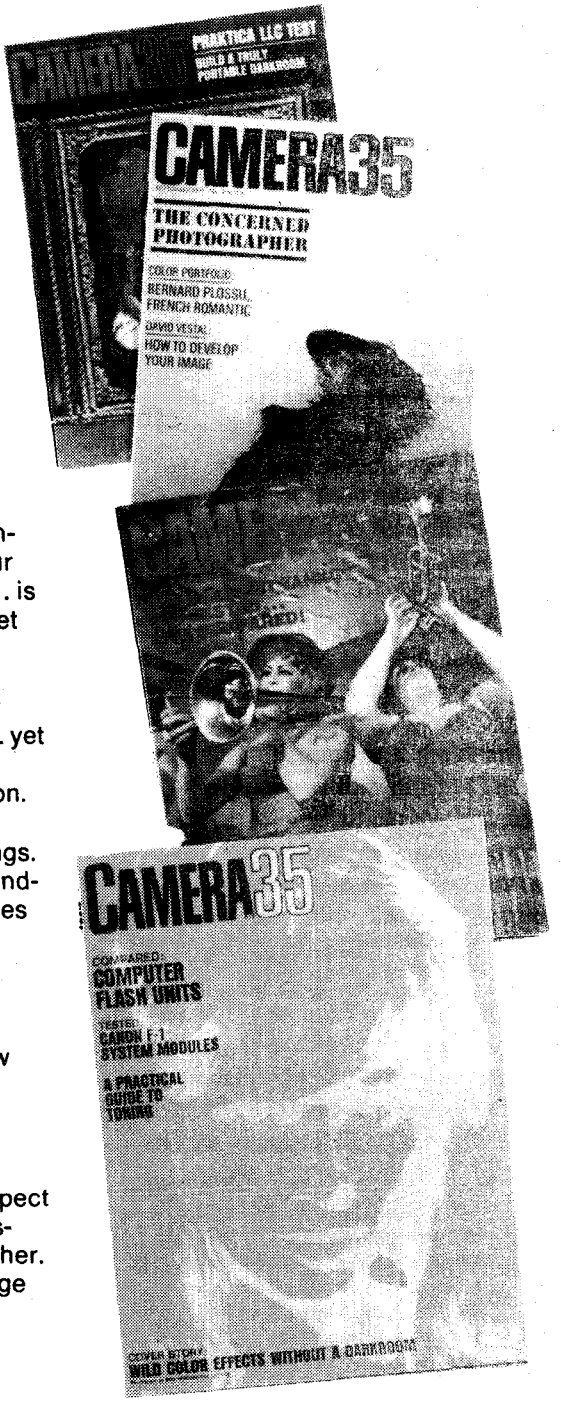

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that of a highly skilled labor lobbyist, whose assistance to President Johnson's social legislation was the high mark of his "do-goodness." He did fight vigorously for social legislation, along with CIO leaders in New York, although he opposed a minimum wage for men as late as 1937. His talents as a lobbyist over the years were of enormous help to many unions.

Meany makes light of the association he had during his presidency of the New York Federation of Labor with labor leaders such as Joseph Ryan, of the Longshoremen's Union, which for a time was expelled from the AFL-CIO, and Joseph Fay, czar of the building trades union. The public record is something else. In his careful study of the operating engineers' union, done under the guidance of John Dunlop of Harvard (a man who really knows the building trades), Garth Mangum wrote the following: "Among the younger labor leaders who clustered around Fay in those days were men like Joseph J. Delaney, who replaced Fay in New York and went to the presidency of the International Union of Operating Engineers, and George Meany whose office was in the same building as Fay. Fay's support contributed to Meany's move upward from presidency of the New York State Federation of Labor to secretary-treasurer of the AFL." Fay, who was convicted of taking about $400,000 in bribes from employers, was a member of the "president's club," the inner ruling clique of the AFL in those days.

When David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, was slugged by Fay in a hotel lobby during the 1940 AFL convention in New Orleans, the story made *The New York Times*. Meany wasn't sore at Fay for this incident. He was angry at A. H. Raskin for printing it. No one ever questioned Meany's personal honesty. It was that he just "didn't know" or was "tolerant" of union leaders' misconduct, admittedly a normal way of functioning and surviving in the old AFL. Meany's expulsion of the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO in 1957—aided by Walter Reuther, and public opinion—was a real shift in his personal approach to the mores of the union movement. However, after that expulsion, the AFL-CIO Ethical Fair Practices Committee turned out to be nothing more than a public relations gimmick.

How does George Meany evaluate his role? Goulden tells us: "Through dint of personality, Meany succeeded in keeping American labor united during the period when the Reuther and Hoffa defections threatened to splinter the movement; indeed he told me that his 'greatest personal achievement,' during his presidency was 'keeping the boys together.'" Now, Meany may take credit for helping defeat Senator McGovern, but that doesn't sit well with many union leaders who vigorously resisted Meany's policies. The building trades leaders, in many cases, went Republican. The trade unions are in political disarray. The Auto Workers didn't come back as Meany expected; Leonard Woodcock, a man more openly opposed to Meany's foreign policies than Reuther ever was, is now president of the UAW. The Teamsters are the biggest and most powerful union in America, with a direct line to the White House and with most unions in the AFL-CIO working with the Teamsters as if they were in the AFL-CIO. The building trades unions refused to get off the Construction Industry Stabilization Board when Meany urged them to join him in the walkout from the Pay Board. Is that togetherness?

John L. Lewis left two legacies. As architect of the CIO, he was a major figure in transforming the industrial relations system in America. In his own organization, the legacy in terms of the Boyle regime is a disgrace to any decent union standard. Walter Reuther left a legacy. A talented leadership running a clean and dynamic union, more than 1.5 million strong. Compared to those achievements, Meany will have a difficult time climbing permanently into labor's hall of fame.

How George Meany ends his career depends now—final irony—more on the man in the White House than on his

TRANSLATIONS

You show me the poems of some woman
my age, or younger
translated from your language

Certain words occur: enemy, oven, sorrow
enough to let me know
she's a woman of my time

obsessed

with Love, our subject:
we've trained it like ivy to our walls
baked it like bread in our ovens
worn it like lead on our ankles
watched it through binoculars as if
it were a helicopter
bringing food to our famine
or the satellite
of a hostile power

I begin to see that woman
doing things: stirring rice
ironing a skirt
typing a manuscript till dawn

trying to make a call
from a phonebooth

The phone rings endlessly
in a man's bedroom
she hears him telling someone else
Never mind. She'll get tired.
hears him telling her story to her sister

who becomes her enemy
and will in her own way
light her own way to sorrow

ignorant of the fact this way of grief
is shared, unnecessary
and political

Adrienne Rich

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own actions. His options are limited, the President's are comparatively flexible. If, for example, President Nixon decided to work directly through the building trades and the Teamsters Union, Meany would be reduced to total impotence. More likely, as payment for his assistance in defeating Senator McGovern, Meany will be consulted in advance. But the days when "clearing it with George" was the final word are over. President Nixon didn't campaign on a program calculated to strengthen the unions or their role in American society. The building trades and the Teamsters are in, the other unions out, and George Meany is the man in the middle—no longer Mr. Organized Labor. All the king's horses and all the king's men can't put that together again. □

Dr. Rostow's Very Special World

THE DIFFUSION OF POWER: 1957-1972. *By W. W. Rostow. The Macmillan Co. 739 pp. $12.50.*

ASHER BRYNES

Mr. Brynes has been a senior staff member of the Senate Foreign Policy Committee and has served also in the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture. He is the author of We Give to Conquer *(W. W. Norton).*

Dr. Rostow was the previous President's Dr. Kissinger. Like him he had an office and a staff of his own in the White House. Like him he controlled a flow of ideas—chiefly foreign policy problems and suggestions for coping with them—rather than the appointments of outsiders seeking to visit the sovereign sitting in the Oval Room. If there was any difference it was that Lyndon Johnson, when he sat in that room, allowed nobody to share prime-time or front-page notice in the news media and TV with himself.

Now practically nobody remembers that other doctor from Cambridge, Mass., but this big, busy book full of the bustle of big events has a long taproot. It begins in the last years of Eisenhower's Presidency, when Rostow and another M.I.T. professor of economics, Max Millikan, were called to Washington to explain what he calls his "crusade for development aid," meaning a new way to administer foreign aid to poorer nations that promised to make them rich pronto like us, and thus—this is the clue to his title—make stronger allies of them for our joint stand against the Soviet Russians.

He made a fighting idea out of foreign aid: that is Rostow's claim to fame. A conscientious reviewer should say plainly where he stands on so big a business (the United States has spent more than $150 billion on this and continues to spend still more billions yearly). I am on the negative side of Rostow's fighting proposition, and believe we make friends more surely with the other industrialized nations with whom we give the aid, than with the poorer nations to whom it is given. Rostow complains that although Eisenhower accepted his kind of foreign aid Ike insisted on underfunding it; he was a pinchpenny. Kennedy rose to the proposition and gave Rostow house room in the Presidential mansion. Johnson went further. He not only helped a foreign aid client, South Vietnam, to fight in the American style—which continues to be inappropriate in Southeast Asia—but he sent over 600,000 U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force troops with full equipment to fight for the South Vietnamese while they learned how to do it our way.

Any nation can absorb quantities of U.S. foreign aid money, and except for the cries of domestic curmudgeons like Passman in the House and Fulbright in the Senate, little happens here; no liberals complain. The money appears to be dedicated to promoting a good cause. The moment we find we have to fight to give the aid, as in South Vietnam, practically everybody complains. To Rostow this is tragic. His foreign aid policy, now cut back to a pinchpenny basis as under Ike everywhere but in South Vietnam, no longer "holds" the Soviet threat.

But is it so necessary to contain that Soviet threat now? Mr. Nixon's Administration has changed nearly everybody's mind about that; it has just lent the Communist fatherland $750 million with which to buy wheat and other feed grains from American farmers. This credit was financed by the Export-Import Bank, whose accounts are published yearly in the *Congressional Record* as "U.S. foreign aid funds." What's more, the Soviets still needed more U.S. grain this year and they drew another $350 million in their own foreign exchange or *valuta* out of their reserve—and American farmers, with the Nixon government cheering them on, sold them still more.

Only yesterday the Soviets turned to the Japanese and asked them to finance the development of oil and gas resources on Sakhalin Island (which they seized from Japan at the end of the last war, and which no doubt Japanese diehards like Dr. Rostow are still bemoaning). Further, the United States is invited to join the Japanese in financing another $3 billion in development projects. The total cost of these developments could—so says the Japanese public utility executive who is masterminding the deal—expand to over $5 billion; and an additional pipeline costing $1 billion more, will be needed subsequently.

In Japan and the United States there are private ventures, with their credits no doubt guaranteed by the governments involved. The plain meaning of this is that Washington and Tokyo will trust the Soviet Government to refrain from doing what Chile has done to the investments of U.S. copper companies in that country. Furthermore, with a peace imminent in Vietnam there are rumors that the Asian Development Bank—a subsidiary of the World Bank with a head office in Manila, and which is separately financed by the Japanese, the United States and local governments (notably Australia and New Zealand)—will take over the funding of the reconstruction effort in that chewed-up country.

Rostow is an economic historian—a most ambitious one. The first of his books which attracted much attention was a pamphlet: *The Stages of Economic Growth,* which the publisher advertised as a generalization from the whole span of modern history. It had an even more interesting subtitle, *A Non-Communist Manifesto*; and in it he proposes to update Karl Marx. He is that humorless. Professionally, he is an economic historian of great competence who suffers from the confusion of so much of the past—he knows many, many centuries of that—with the present, of which he knows only a lifetime's worth.

The key confusion in Rostow's view is that America, like England from the Norman conquest to the two World Wars of this century, is an island lying in an exposed position alongside a much bigger land mass which is more densely populated and which might attack and destroy it. This intrigued me so much that I collected a half-dozen previously printed notices of this book to see what others had made of it. Alas, it appears on page 605, and apparently everybody was too tired to read that far. "The geographic position of the United States is, essentially, that of a continental island off the greater land-mass of Eurasia."

In Rostow's view, the United States

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labors under twice the difficulty that the English had to put up with through nine centuries of their history. They had only to tie down the nations of Europe in a balance of power. We must tie down the nations of Asia, too. A double balance! "The fragmentation of East Asia into relatively small national units makes it a natural target," he goes on to say, "for larger powers." Stability in Asia, and safety for the United States "requires that no single power . . . try to dominate it." We must forever fight anybody who tries. □

Ireland's 'Unnatural Realities'

THE GREEN FLAG: The Turbulent History of the Irish National Movement. *By Robert Kee. The Delacorte Press. 877 pp. $15.*

ANDREW BOYD
Mr. Boyd is the author of Holy War in Belfast *(Grove Press) and* The Rise of the Irish Trade Unions, *Tralee (Anvil Books). His most recent book,* Brian Faulkner and the Crisis of Ulster Unionism *was published by Anvil in June 1972.*

"In the late 1960s," writes Robert Kee, "Britain and the rest of the world were startled by events in Northern Ireland which, violent, unpredictable, and sometimes incomprehensible, seemed to most people to strike like a bolt from the blue. But they did not come from the blue. They came out of Irish history."

We who live in Northern Ireland know only too well how Irish history—or, to be more correct, British policy in Ireland—created that smoldering volcano which erupted in August 1969 (not, however, for the first time), and which today shows not the least sign of subsiding. Since that August more than 600 people, innocent civilians, IRA activists, Protestant militants, and members of the police and of the defense forces, have been killed as a result of political violence. More than 100 people have been murdered since June 1972 by sectarian assassins.

Judged by the scale of death in Vietnam, 600 may not be many deaths. But considering that Northern Ireland is a small place with a population of 1.5 million people, and considering too that most of the deaths have occurred within the city of Belfast, it is indeed a high figure. Every day brings more deaths, bombings, the destruction of buildings, and displays of strength by the paramilitary organization of the Protestants, the Ulster Defence Association.

Britain can do little except maintain a military presence with about 20,000 troops, put pressure on the Catholic community to repudiate the IRA, and appeal, as did Mr. Edward Heath, the British Prime Minister, when he visited Northern Ireland on November 16 and 17, for people of good will and civilized common sense to bring the violence to an end. Heath has promised a constitutional document, a white paper, which will provide new forms of government for Northern Ireland. Whether those new forms of government will be acceptable to the people of Northern Ireland or will indeed be workable is a difficult question to answer. Since the passing of the Government of Ireland Act in 1920, partitioning the country, Britain's way of governing Northern Ireland has been disastrous.

If, therefore, the British find the crisis in Northern Ireland almost beyond solution, the fault is entirely their own. William Whitelaw, the present Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, almost admitted this a few weeks ago when he hinted that the British Parliament's decision to partition Ireland in 1920 can now be seen as a far from wise decision.

The more one looks at the Irish problem, the more one becomes convinced that it is one of innumerable complexities. It is easy, of course, for cynical Britishers or for foreigners outside Britain to dismiss Ireland as an insular madhouse whose inmates are all hellbent on destroying one another, but such a viewpoint disregards the insidious part played by British legislators in Ireland since that time, 800 years ago, when the Normans from England first invaded the country. That was when the history of Anglo-Irish relations began.

While Robert Kee, historian, journalist and eminent television broadcaster in Britain, does not cover the whole vast sweep of Irish history over 800 years, he does write in fascinating detail—and with much sympathy for the Irish—of the years from 1798, when Republicanism became a force in Irish politics, until 1920. The partition of 1920 created an almost exclusively Catholic state in the Twenty-six Counties that are now the Republic of Ireland, and a Protestant-dominated, pro-British statelet in the northern Six Counties. It has since often been said by many Protestant defenders of that solution that partition did not create Ireland's religious divisions; it merely recognized them, institutionalizing the fact that while the majority of Catholics in Ireland were Nationalist and separatist, the majority of Protestants were loyal to Britain, its Constitution and the Crown.

Had partition been a neat arrangement that left the northern Six Counties as exclusively Protestant as the rest of Ireland was almost exclusively Catholic, there would never have been another word of complaint from the Irish. Partition would have been a just and lasting solution. But partition left a very large number of Catholics—one-third in fact of the Northern population—under the rule of their historic enemies, the Ulster Unionists, and so created the chaos that exists today. The Protestants refuse to give up what they were granted in 1920; the Catholics want reunion with the rest of Ireland.

One of the innumerable complexities of Irish politics and Irish history, as Robert Kee makes clear in this book, is that the Northern Protestants are fully, however irrationally, convinced that the Roman Catholic Church has a very special interest in absorbing them, first, into an all-Ireland Republic ruled from Dublin, and then into Rome's Holy Empire. In their minds the Irish Republican Army, Irish Nationalists of varying degrees of militancy, even Irish Socialists and Communists and defenders of civil

A CALL TO ACTION
(Translated by Kenneth Rexroth and Ling Chung)

Without warning their nest
Has become dangerous to the swallows.
Our homeland, grown old, suffers
Under heavy burdens—
From the East the constant threat of invasion,
From the West, threats of devious plotting.
Scholars, throw away your brushes!
Secluded women, take up arms!
Only heroes can save us this time.
Together we can hold back
The flooding waves.

Ch'iu Chin (1879-1907)

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rights, are the instruments and allies of an ages-old Papal offensive.

Their defense against Rome is the Orange Order, an exclusively Protestant secret society which originated in Ireland in 1795 but which claims that its ideological roots lie far back in human history, back indeed to long before the Protestant Reformation, or even before Christianity came into the world. The Orangemen, and the Ulster Unionists, who are invariably Orangemen, purport to be democrats, yet what is normally regarded as democracy in the modern world has been turned upside down in Northern Ireland. Thus the universal principle of civil and religious liberty, which the Orangemen and their political leaders trumpet forth on all possible occasions, is understood to mean civil and religious liberty for Protestants only, if not indeed exclusively for Protestants in Ireland. The Orange reply to anyone who objects to such a distorted interpretation of liberty is that it is pointless to discuss democracy with Irish Catholics, since they have surrendered their liberties to Rome and are content to live within an ecclesiastical system which enables clergymen to regulate the lives of other people. Consequently, they say, it is the Protestants living in Ireland whose civil and religious liberties are threatened, and the Orange Order is the Protestants' bulwark against the encroachments of Rome. In Robert Kee's view the Orange Order operates at two levels. It is, at one level, a "fairly crude Protestant working-class self-protection society" which upholds the marginal privileges enjoyed by Protestant proletarians in Ulster's mills, factories and shipyards. At another level it insures the loyalty of the Protestants to the British connection, and is therefore a most effective political pressure movement in behalf of the Protestant upper classes and employers.

The struggle of the Irish Nationalists for self-government (Home Rule) in their own country has been effectively thwarted by the strength of the Orangemen, who have for generations displayed a most violent determination not to allow the whole island to be ruled by its Catholic majority. "Home Rule is Rome Rule!" screamed the Orangemen when in 1886 a British Government decided to grant the Irish the right of self-determination. It is a slogan that has endured because it is potent. Should it be challenged, even today, the Orangemen will point angrily to the Republic of Ireland, where the influence of the Catholic Church in the state has outlawed divorce and birth control—even for people who are not Christians—has imposed an exasperating censorship on publications, and has inhibited the development of a system of state-sponsored social welfare.

Nonetheless, Robert Kee has no difficulty in showing that Irish Nationalism and Roman Catholicism, no matter how close the coincidental relationship, are not synonymous. Many of Ireland's Nationalist leaders have been Protestants. The founders of the Society of United Irishmen, the organization that proclaimed the principles of the French Revolution in 18th-century Ireland and rose in arms for an Irish Republic, were Protestants. The United States offered refuge to Theobald Wolfe Tone, a freethinker and Republican, one of the founders of the United Irishmen. France gave him fleets and armies to invade Ireland and drive the British out of the country.

The United Irishmen were defeated. Britain consolidated the defeat by what turned out to be, nevertheless, the most serious mistake in their relations with the Irish. By the Act of Union in 1800 they abolished the Irish Parliament, which had existed since the Middle Ages, and brought all Ireland under the direct control of Westminster. No historian would defend the Irish Parliament as a model of democracy. It was corrupt, as was the British Parliament before the reforms of the 19th century. It was exclusively Protestant, dominated by the landowners, and overloaded with lackeys and placemen. Nonetheless it was a Parliament, and would have developed into a more democratic assembly with the passing of time. The Act of Union prevented democracy in Ireland and forced the Irish into rebellion, conspiracy and revolution.

In nearly 900 pages Robert Kee tells of those rebellions and conspiracies, of the constitutionalist attempts by O'Connell and Parnell to repeal the Act of Union, of Britain's efforts to placate the Irish by, for example, abolishing landlordism and giving Irish farmers the opportunity to become owner-occupiers—and of the fatal decision to partition the island in 1920. How what Kee sees as "two unnatural realities," the Republic of Ireland and Northern Ireland which are the creations of partition, "can be regulated in future to a

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new reality compatible with the unity of Ireland is a matter which is not yet the concern of the historians." If he does not provide an answer to the Irish Question it is because an answer is not yet possible. Ireland remains a tragic riddle in the world of modern politics.

The book makes very attractive reading. It is beautifully produced, well documented, very well indexed. It should be an invaluable addition to any historian's library or to the library of anyone interested in Anglo-Irish affairs. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

If any single criticism were to be leveled against Joseph Walker's *The River Niger* (Negro Ensemble Theatre) it might be that it contains too much. But that is a good fault—one that in this case is both an aspect of the play's exuberance and integral to its purpose. *The River Niger* depicts the morass of Harlem; it heaps together vitality, corruption, agony, aspiration, violence and a will to transcendence. No salient trait predominates, except ferment, a ferment of existence struggling confusedly and valiantly to transfigure itself into coherence. The play's statement is humorous, lyric, virile, crude, and oddly inspiring.

The specific locale is a brownstone on 133rd Street, where Johnny Williams, house painter and (unpublished) poet, lives with his wife and her mother. From the economic burdens of his life, Johnny has become a drinker. His mind is a mass of contradictions: he is contemptuous of the white establishment but is proud that his son Jeff has been appointed a lieutenant in the Air Corps. The honor is wholly antipathetic to Jeff who is studying law in the hope that it may lead to some concrete benefit. Grandma resents being called a "nigguh" because she boasts some Indian blood. Johnny's wife is a hard-working, honest woman on whom falls the full weight of the family's hardships, and she is dying of cancer.

In addition to this family, there is Mo, Jeff's boyhood friend, who has become a "revolutionary" with plans of armed confrontation. Jeff believes the idea futile. What is most pathetic about Mo's conspiratorial activity is that his aides are a junkie, a homosexual police informer, and a pervert. Also on the scene is a Jamaican physician, disabused and cynical, but thoroughly decent and loyal to Johnny and his family. At the play's conclusion Johnny is killed by one of Mo's traitorous henchman who, in turn, is killed by Mo.

From that bald account, it should be apparent that the play is somewhat untidy in construction and spills over into melodrama. These are blemishes, but they do not impair the pulse of truth and human energy that keep the play constantly engaging. Through its rough naturalism there runs a vein of authentic poetry of feeling and speech. The play has something naively "romantic" about it and, though overwritten, is theatrically enlivening and emotionally stirring.

When Johnny cries out "I'm a poet, ya hear me, a poet! . . . Poetry is what revolution's all about—never lose sight of the true purpose of revolution, all revolution—to restore poetry to the Godhead! . . ." I confess to a surge of elation, especially as the lines are spoken by Douglas Turner Ward.

The source of this poetry and its proof are in lines that Johnny keeps scribbling on scraps of paper until he finishes his poem near the end of the play. It begins "I am the River Niger—hear my waters! I am totally flexible. . . . My waters are the first sperm of the world. When the earth was but a faceless whistling embryo life burst forth from my liquid kernels like popcorn. . . ."

Johnny (and the author) feel themselves rooted in an age-old soil of African cosmology, a monistic sense of the unity of man and nature, flesh and spirit, humanity as a single tribe. (Another black writer, Paul Carter Harrison, is soon to publish a book, *The Drama of Nommo*, which intellectually voices the same thought.) Whether Johnny's poem is good or not is less to the point than that its essential meaning informs the play and gives it a dimension beyond the local color of its realism.

Almost as much a contribution to the success of the evening is the acting. It is organic with the text. Besides Douglas Ward, who also directed, I was most impressed by the impassioned sincerity of Les Roberts as Jeff, by the veracity of inner characterization in Charles Weldon's heroin sniffer, the quiet force of Neville Richen as the would-be insurrectionary, the dry tang of Graham Brown's Jamaican doctor. In fact, the entire cast convinces.

The Chelsea Theatre Center at the Brooklyn Academy of Music is notable for the interesting and sometimes "experimental" plays it chooses to produce. Among last season's offerings were Genet's *The Screens* and the stage adaptation of Allan Ginsberg's *Kaddish*. Now till December 24 the group offers Isaac Babel's *Sunset*.

The play deals with a very special environment: low-life Jewry in Odessa just before World War I. Odessa is a Black Sea port, and evinces the raffish characteristics of such maritime centers. A Jewish joke has it that Odessa is famous for its fiddlers and thieves. "Odessa thief" is a common Jewish expression and it is true that many world renowned violinists (also Jewish) hail from that city. Odessa-born Babel knew its life intimately, as he knew the Cossack regiments about which he wrote the short stories of *Red Cavalry*.

But though a Jew, Babel was not at all a typical "Jewish writer." He is closer to Gorky, who discovered him, than to the tenderly humorous Jewish writers of the period—who, unlike Babel, wrote in Yiddish, not in Russian. Babel's style is laconic, flinty, bare, and completely unsentimental.

In a series of short scenes, *Sunset* pictures a Jewish family, the head of which, a physical giant named Mendel Krick, has managed to attain a degree of "prosperity" as a dealer in truck horses. The wretchedness of Mendel's struggle to earn a living has made him harshly tyrannical and profoundly unhappy. There dwells within him a longing for the fresh air of freedom anywhere outside the squalor of Odessa's lower depths. When he plots to sell his holdings, so that he may run off with a young hussy virtually sold to him by her Gentile mother, Mendel's two sons beat him up and overthrow his sovereignty. They take over the business to run it ruthlessly; unlike their father, they are gangsters at heart. In the last scene, the two bullys, now in possession of their father's stable, hypocritically pay tribute to him at a family festivity, while he, crushed and humiliated, drained of vigor and hope, sits silently at the table.

The value of the play does not lie chiefly in its cruel story but in its atmosphere, conveyed with utmost economy. What is revealed is the disappearance of a tradition—once warm, proud and deeply moral—into the muck of poverty and the sordid battle for survival. It is the grubby side of ghetto life, seen with a cold but nevertheless acutely understanding eye. Here the worship of God is mixed with shabby trade and criminal arrangements. The synagogue is an old shack; the cantor carries a pistol to shoot the rats that disturb the service. In this neighborhood, non-Jews as well as Jews (there is no particular enmity between them) are desolate and abject. Yet, such is the quality of Babel's talent, we discover in these creatures who, to use a Gorky title, once were men, touching remnants

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of their manhood. We catch sight of inexpugnable signs of compassion, loyalty, desire. The grotesque party to honor the house of Krick and its defeated founder, Mendel, shows a need to simulate the old patriarchal virtues, even if they are now only a ragged memory.

Sunset requires an extraordinarily imaginative production. It demands not just an intelligent reading of the literal text but the building of the subtext through improvisation of scenes which would bring the whole life of the environment graphically to life. The play needs a company long trained in sensitive characterization supported by a knowledge that only consanguinity with its milieu can provide. The company at the Chelsea Theatre does what it can with, in these respects, inadequate means. It lacks just those attributes of closeness to the material which the Negro Ensemble in *The River Niger* possesses. When a company is not, or cannot make itself, part of the dramatic material, complete theatre creation is impossible. I said the same when *Sunset* was produced at the Promenade Theatre in 1966. The Chelsea Theatre production is better and the organization deserves credit for its earnest effort to meet the challenge of a meaningful script by an excellent writer. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

It is what a dancer does with the raw materials that counts, but there is no getting around the given physical facts of Paul Taylor. He looks like a football player but he dances beautifully. His thighs and torso are massive, even though he is trimmer now (at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, November 28-December 3) than he was two years ago, when he and his company last appeared in metropolitan New York. His neck is thick and short; his head, small. His regular good looks border on blandness, suggesting the placelessness and mindlessness of Middle America. His arms are weird. They are a little hyperextended; they curve in at the elbow and seem too short for the rest of him. Yet when he is dancing, the arms are the most prominent feature of Taylor's physique. Most of the time, one senses, dancers move their arms from the back muscles. The back is like the brain in that it is the center point from which all movement starts and is then controlled. Taylor's arms move from the shoulder, and he uses them with such force and at such peculiar angles that it seems as though they are the backbone of the rest of the body. Therefore he does not have the invisible power supply or muscular serenity characteristic of the dancer. There is always a sense of contraposto stress.

The choreography that Taylor composes for himself is quick, convoluted and linearly complex—everything, in fact, that runs counter to the specifications of a big bird whose wings are too small but must nevertheless get him off the ground. Taylor does these solos blithely. In one sense it is a hard-won victory. It brings to mind Michelangelo's achievement of making ugly bodies beautiful, unharmonious thrusts harmonious. Both the struggle and the victory are overt, but at the same time Taylor's bland face seems to shrug off the achievement. "What victory?" He cuts through his bulk by pretending it isn't there, and one of the reasons that audiences feel warmly toward Taylor is that they find delicious humor in this game of pretense. Whenever I watch the hulk glide through all those twists and turns I think of Chaplin looking at the sky and humming, twirling his cane nonchalantly while walking on water.

Taylor is also like a madonna, but a humorous one. Imagine the typical Mary with her slight smile, her hand pointing to the baby, and her head slightly crooked sideways and out, following the line of the hand. If you extend those lines, so that her entire body swooshes sideways in an arc, with the hand leading, you have got one of Taylor's most typical lines. He is the only dancer who has it. It is amusing not only because the brute power of his body and its swoosh point to the Way, but because that half-blank, half-content smile on his face is not quite Mary's. It rather confirms one's suspicions that she (like the "Mona Lisa") is about to toss a wink in your direction. Taylor is not being compulsively sacrilegious, but I suspect that when Taylor looks at traditional madonnas he is struck by the oddly propulsive angle of their arms and heads and the suggestiveness of their smiles. If you want to find Christ, come this-a-way, and I, an overgrown cornstalk from Iowa, will show you the route.

Instead of merrily pretending that his body is just like other dancers', Taylor at times exploits his massiveness. He galumphs. He literally throws his arms around, lazily rotates his head like a

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sloppy drunk, contracts his stomach in a gigantic hiccup, and collapses in the knees. The style is the underside of the serene, simple, madonna-like lines and the skimming ease with which he glosses over the labyrinthine qualities of his solos. The style is also a challenge to the whole notion that dancing is beautiful and graceful. Of course, many dancers are challenging that notion these days, but Taylor has more than theoretical choreography to offer; he has his own body, which can be crazily off-kilter and scary. Merely by appearing in street clothes that are too tight around the waist and shoulders (as he does in *Scudorama*) he can become frightening and inhuman, like a zombie.

Taylor's denial that dancing must be graceful is not rebelliousness for its own sake; rather it confirms that dancing ought to be graceful and that when it is not, something is amiss. The most telling point about his ugly dancing is that he uses it as a vision of ugly morals. The vision is carried out in his ballets as well as in his own body. The movement in *Scudorama* (1963) is disjointed, strangulated and without purpose (representing Dante's hell, peopled by "the nearly soulless whose lives concluded neither blame nor praise"), but it is not ugly. In *Big Bertha* (1970) it is. The all-American family trots on stage. Dad, wearing one of those loud shirts from Hawaii, puts a nickel in the mechanical music maker (represented by an exaggeratedly statuesque woman in big-band attire) and the family dances genteelly to popular tunes. A little waltzing, a little peabody—it's a nice family outing. But then the music machine's baton taps Dad on the head. He stands frozen like a stuffed dummy and then slumps. Next he turns recklessly, his arms flail, his upper body zooms down over a rising knee, and there is almost a collision. Even before Dad lunges at his daughter's breasts, you know that the family is falling apart at the seams. Thus Dad's and daughter's exit behind the bandstand and her subsequent appearance in red-stained underclothes is more of a denouement than a climax. In fact, one of the curiosities about *Big Bertha* is that the physically violent plot is not nearly as powerful and creepy as the ugly dancing.

In *So Long Eden*, new this year, Adam, Eve and Jake pertly bounce and jog and throw an apple among them. But it is not the apple that forewarns. At some point in the crisp, cutesy-pie movement Adam sags, falls a little behind tempo. He and Eve begin to stretch gawkily; their bodies begin to loosen. They are no longer one compact organism. Their movement does not become ugly in this ballet, but it looks out of tune and flabbier than that of Jake's. After a while it connotes restlessness, boredom and a disengagement from self and place. It suggests that Adam and Eve are afflicted with the teen-ager's desire for novelty. They already know the apple, each other and Eden. The new hats that Jake finally presents to them renew their spriteliness and straighten their posture. The curtain falls as Adam and Eve walk their separate ways out of Eden, each happily fingering the new hat. Presumably each will be happier to go shopping downtown than to play in Eden. □

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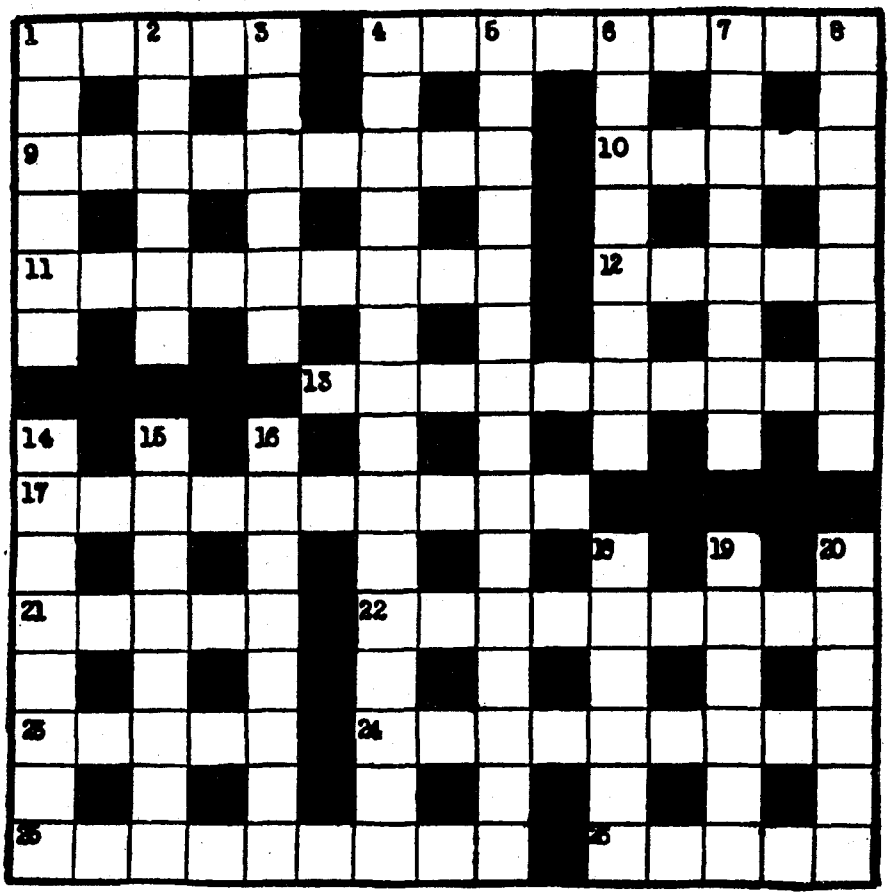

ACROSS

1 Gets rid of bags of a sometime instrument, we hear. (5)
4 Returns to make wine lower in spirit, so one probably just crawls along. (9)
9 It could well have been the type hanging on Tara's walls (5,4)
10 See 13 across
11 Where kitty might be kept is probably conveniently near the stove. (9)
12 Also conceivably found hanging on Tara's walls. (5)
13 and 10 A small piece of wood facing the sharp end, as a warning not to stray. (5,2,3,5)
17 Logically, it's awkward filing near this! (10)
21 Perhaps part of a race conflict in a minor way. (3-2)
22 More agricultural than the tuning variety it suggests. (9)
23 and 3 down Those concerned with the quality of education are more likely to, which should be elementary. (5,6)
24 Ten random letters should be enough for decoration. (9)
25 An arrangement of this sort is the sort that aren't always practical. (9)
26 Puts a fine powder on, or takes it off. (5)

DOWN

1 Is sparing with the runner on the part of force that might be arresting. (6)
2 Material evidence as part of the Security Branch in Tzarist prisons. (6)
3 See 23 across
4 Stadia dramatics? (10,5)
5 Typified by "In God We Trust," on copper. (15)
6 Lets out mountain climbing inside—as one does in the spring, perhaps. (8)
7 You can find it in a monastery, as a matter of first consideration. (8)
8 Indeed, something that might be passed because it's disliked intensely. (8)
14 Old-fashiond scare, making the unsanctified staff correct. (8)
15 Tuned in a peculiar way, perhaps to cover a wide area. (8)
16 Part of the herd you can see pull up a plant the wrong way. (8)
18 Polish had its application if you did in Spanish, in Education. (6)
19 Where witches hang out in a number of small bakeries. (6)
20 Slippers on your feet (unless you're rolling on the floor). (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1468

ACROSS: 1 Cajolery; 5, 10, 19 and 28 Strike while the iron is hot; 11 Columbium; 12 Embrace; 14 Trades; 15 Testate; 18 Visited; 21 Chaffs; 24 Retreat; 26 Needing; 27 Opportune; 29 Errant; 30 By-passes. DOWN: 1 Cowled; 2 Jailbirds; 3 and 13 Leeward Islands; 4 Rockets; 6 Tamales; 7 Ixion; 7 Enmeshed; 9 Plaint; 16 Affrights; 17 Overtone; 20 Detour; 21 Cannery; 22 America; 23 Agates; 25 Taper.

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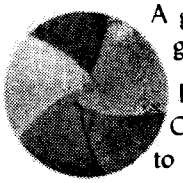

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